

FOREST ECHOES

MARIE MALMQUIST



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“FOREST ECHOES”



VERSE

BY

MARIE MALMQUIST



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*DEDICATED TO
AMERICAN MANHOOD*

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"FOREST ECHOES"

Vesper and willow
That strengthen and pillow
Our forest home in the glade,
With forests around it
That tenderly bound it,
As yet, are untouched by the blade.

The tendrils about it
Are paths—Can you doubt it?—
Where little ones run to meet
The voices and fancies
In roses and pansies,
That we, in our dreams, find sweet.

These voices and fancies
In roses and pansies
We find in our dear retreat
Are mingled with others
Of sisters and brothers
Left out in the slush and sleet.

DEDICATED TO AMERICAN MANHOOD.

WHAT IS THERE TO DO?

When you've traveled along on a wearysome trail
And find half the distance run,
And perceive that the finish to you must mean fail
To do what you ought to have done,—
What is there to do but to stop and retain
What energy still you possess?
And make up your mind that it shall not in vain
Have been wasted as onward you press

To a different goal on a path of your own,
With a different guiding star
On a wider horizon, where trails are unknown,
And prejudice never may mar
A landscape where sometimes the vision is blurred
By pale mists of wonder and doubt.—
What is there to do when that Voice must be heard
That commands you to stop and find out?

What is there to do when the billows run high
 And shut out all signals from land?
 And the chart that you guided your staunch craft
 Has been torn by an unloving hand? [by
 What is there to do but take hold at the helm
 With God's own star as your guide,
 With faith that no power on Earth may o'erwhelm
 Sail over the ocean wide?

What is there to do when the loved ones we lost
 Are shut out from your view and mine
 But love mankind better, and wherever tossed,
 To no selfish solace incline?
 Love wide as the universe, boundless as space
 Must redeem what is wrong in our years;
 Thus loyally paths to Eternity trace,
 And leave with the past all its fears.

What is there to do when strong foes abound
 Like boasting Goliahs of old,
 With armor as strong as on Earth may be found
 In limitless glitter, and bold?
 What is there to do but get ready your sling
 And pebbles you may have at hand,—
 With unerring faith send each on the wing
 And scatter the Philistine band?

THE OLD PIONEER

His mind is keen and his eye is bright
But his locks are scanty and few.
Look well at his shoulders,—you would be
To call them sadly askew. [right

Those shoulders where years of privation
Grim burdens by poverty hurled [would send
E're his back showed the bend that years
To the sturdiest back in the world. [will lend

But his is the bend of the sturdy forms
Of trees on the windswept hill,
That shows that in spite of a thousand
 storms
They are strong and unconquered still.

To grandchildren playing about his knee
He is playmate, bard, and sage;
For his is a kindliness wide and free,
And a wisdom that comes with age.

He knows the worth of a life well spent,
And the value of dollars and cents,
A simple faith and a calm content,—
He learned it in Poverty's trench.

Not for him the din of the dusty street—
He's a child of the forest still!
For him the meadows with odors sweet,
And woodland scenes until

At last his enraptured spirit thrills
To the realms of Paradise,
And he sees o'er the Everlasting Hills
The Sun of Righteousness rise.



MARCH WEATHER

'Tis drifting in to right and left
Thro older drifts that the sun has cleft;
And finds in crevice of roof and wall
A hiding place for the winter call.
And the lesser call of low degree
Is nipped in the bud in hedge and tree.

It fetters and binds the invisible thing
That hides in the magic name of Spring,
Light as down yet hard as Fate
Apart by itself and away from the grate;
Its powers grow lesser and lesser 'tis true
As the spirit of Spring is born anew.

It cannot depart from its oldtime sway—
When March-weather comes it is bound to stay
To foster and taunt the invisible thing
That hides in the magic name of Spring,
And will not be nipped in the bud at all
In spite of the strength of the winter call.



WHAT IS LIFE?

The buds were a-bursting,—the woods were astir,
And life, bouyant life everywhere;
The pale light of dawn touched the hemlock and
fir,
And the fragrance of Summer was there.
The chattering squirrel made himself heard,
And then with the note of the first early bird
Came the tinkling of brooklet and rill.

I asked of all other things,—asked of myself,
A question that often before
I had asked, but in vain, as I tried to delve
Deep, deep to the innermost core
Of the mystery of Being! I asked, "What is Life?
And what is the meaning of all endless strife?
The why, and the wherefore of all?"

I asked of the squirrel, "Sir, what do you think
 This life in reality is?"
 He tackled a nut, and said with a wink,—
 "My answer at present is this:—
 That Life is a nut, a hard one to crack;
 I may find another before I get back."
 And then he was off like a flash.

Then I turned to the rill and the murmuring
 brook,
 And asked that same question again.
 They searched for the answer in shallow and nook,
 On flowery banks in the glen;
 "Life is but an endless hurrying on,—
 And then, e'er you know it, the best part is gone—
 Is over and done with, and gone!"

Then I asked of the owl in the blindest of tones,
 "Now what is your idea, pray?
 Is Life but a rush over pebble and stone?
 A hurry and scurry away?"
 The owl answered gravely,—"This Life is a hoot!
 A harsh, and a hollow and cracked one to boot!"
 Then he tilted his head and looked wise.

I asked of the sparrow, the snail, and the fowl,
 I asked in the meadow and glen.

The answers I got were like that of the owl,
 With this practical one from the hen:—
"I know for a certainty Life is a scratch,
A tiresome, continual, strenuous scratch,—"
 "A conundrum, my dear!" said the snail.

Then out from the East came in splendor the Sun,
 The glorious King of the sky,
Proclaiming to all things that Day had begun,—
 Proclaiming it wide and high:—
"Life is a Beginning!" he joyously cried,
" 'tis but a Beginning,—it can't be denied!"
 All Nature cried "Amen" at that.



CROSS PURPOSES

When snowdrifts were things forgotten and gone,
And the sun his northerly course had begun
My weekly washing demanded my care,—
The clothesline was stretched where the apple
 and pear
Trees were all in bloom, and the troublesome bees
Made marks on the clothes strung under the trees.

A beam on the house held an iron ring;
 A post on the slope would be just the thing.
 I borrowed an axe and went down to the brook,
 And cut from a tree in a sheltered nook
 A sometime sapling, straight and tall,—
 I wanted one like it or none at all.

I trimmed off its branches, and cut its top,
 And whetted its base with many a chop;
 Then dragged it away to my home on the hill—
 The deed was done and I had my will.
 Tall and strong I placed it there,
 Straight as an arrow, slender and bare.

So I planted that post both firm and strong
 And tied on the clothesline white and long.
 My early washing the rising sun
 Beheld as it showed the task well done;
 And the last things it saw as it sank in the West
 Were the gleaming garments looking their best.

When Summer was nearly over and gone
 I saw on the clothespost my hands had won
 Some tiny leaves of the willow kind,
 Sprouting and growing; but to my mind
 A clothespost is never a clothespost at all
 If not unadorned, and bare, and tall.

So I trimmed them off where my hands could
reach,
For the clothes must soften and dry and bleach;
But somehow or other I saw not the top,
For I am inclined to look down, not up.
And hundreds of twigs held my puzzled gaze
As it one day strayed to the clothespost's face.

It seemed to challenge my common sense
As I leaned, perplexed, on the garden fence.
"You seemed to think your task well done
When you shaved off my branches one by one!"
That indignant clothespost seemed to say,
While the clothes in approval would nod and sway.

"But you could not cheat Nature!—Look at my
crown!
The handsomest one that ever was grown!
You thought you secured a clothespost bare—
Behold a willow, tall and fair!
Your cutting but made me handsomer still,
If you doubt my word just wait until

A few years from now, when my cooling shade
Shall shame the clothespost your hands have
made.
And you know this truth, without a doubt,

What is in your nature is bound to come out.
Nor cutting nor peeling by sharpened blade
Can here repress what God hath made."



MY GARDEN

I had a garden—I thought it fair;
Some choice blossoms were growing there.
The soil was mellow and well prepared,—
That plants were watered full well I cared.
No other garden was just like mine,
No other blossoms I thought as fine.

To dig, and hoe, and to plant the seeds,
To tend, and water, and pluck the weeds,
My hands were busy; my days went by
Like white-winged clouds in a summer sky.
No other garden was fair as mine,—
No other flowers I thought as fine.

One plant I choose among all the rest
To tend and water and love the best.
How nice it looked, and how well it grew!
The breeze its playmate, its friend the dew!
The prickly leaves but a mark I thought
Of finer art than the common lot.

At last it opened. What did I find?
Only a thistle,—the common kind!
Beyond the fence, and without my art,
Grew another blossom, its counterpart;
Its clawlike petals as dull a red,—
As prickly clad was its bulky head.

My thoughts turned inward from plant and tool;
This of my garden—What of my soul?
Are thistles growing where unaware
They steal my time and my thought and care?
Shall I, at last, from a cherished seed
Pluck but a thistle,—a common weed?



SPRING SONG

When swallow and bluejay and robin appear
Where the snowflake has reigned supreme,
And the note of the songsparrow brings to your
ear
The lay of which Spring is the theme,—
The blood in your veins rushes madly along,
Your spirits mount higher,—you work with a song
Whose theme is The Beautiful Spring.

When the twig is a-swelling, and blossom from bud
 Is transformed by some power we know;
 And the snows from the hillsides swell brooklets
 that flood

In silence the valley below;
 Then joy bursts with recklessness all things that
 bind;

The spirit of joy, there is no other kind,
 Is the spirit of Beautiful Spring.



WHEN SPRINGTIME RETURNS

When Springtime returns,
 And the dark days of Winter are things of the
 past,
 Each day is more fragrant and bright than the
 last,
 For something beyond all each living thing
 yearns

When Springtime returns.

When Springtime returns
 The blasts from the North come with lessening
 speed,

The snowdrifts grow smaller and smaller—
indeed—
Jack Frost will not meddle with our poor con-
cerns
When Springtime returns.

When Springtime returns—
The twitter of swallow, the humming of bee,
The brightness and beauty of all things we see
But add, on life's altar, to incense that burns
When Springtime returns.

When Springtime returns
We know and we feel that each quivering thing
Like the thoughts of our innermost being yet
spring
From the Source for which everything living
but yearns
When Springtime returns.

MY COMPANION

I know her well, or I think I do,—
 She is a creature of moods.
 She has no beauty at all 'tis true,
 And not much of earthly goods.

At times her aspect is stern and cold,
 At others serene or gay;
 But I know her heart is a heart of gold,
 And naught may lead it astray.

I like her best in her gentle mood,—
 'Tis very seldom she is!
 She nods approval when I am good,
 And frowns when things are amiss.

Her presence ever I may not flee,
 She follows me faithfully.
 She's with, and near me, will always be
 Thro time and eternity.

I saw her last in the looking glass
 Over the mantel shelf;
 She nodded pleasantly then. This lass
 You may have guessed is—Myself.

And since her presence I may not flee
In time or eternity,—
God, keep her ever in touch with Thee,
And guide her most tenderly.



ON THE COMING OF THE AEROPLANE

We watched in awe from the steamer's deck
The aeroplane that, a tiny speck,
Hawklike circled and soared.
Then another, and then a third
Appeared in turn, each a blackwinged bird,
To eager watchers on board.

It skimmed, it dipped, it rose up high,
It laughed at the powers of earth and sky
Till the sky in its wrath turned gray.
'Twas the eagle let loose from the nation's shield
Soaring wide and free o'er Atlantic's field
That windy September day!

Then Fancy soared over that aeroplane
And saw, in visions, an endless chain
Of results undreamed of before;
How that blackwinged being just then let loose,
That played with the wind and gracefully rose,
Might add to the mighty store

Of human knowledge, wealth, and fame,
Of human error, and human shame,
And upset every law of man;
It saw the tyrant shake on his throne,
The light gleam over the darkest zone,
And a wonderful era begun.

God stores His treasures in mighty vaults,
And when human progress in helplessness halts
Sends some one to find the key;
Some one with powerful heart and mind,—
One who has fitted himself to find
That wonderful hidden key.

Then when men are fit to receive
That stored up treasure, He stoops to give
The wealth of that opened vault.
Each human being may have a share,
But—use them rightly, or else beware!
The Giver is not at fault.

PRAYER ANSWERED

"Give me the weapons. dear Master, "I cried,
"To fight the enemy here at my side!"

"Trust your own weapons. your faith and your
will!

You have used them before, you may use them
still!"

"My faith is feeble, my will is weak!
Other weapons with Thee I seek!"

"What? Your faith feeble! You call on me!
What may the plan of your campaign be?"

"Just to see Thee, dear Master, give grace,—
For I can see naught but my enemy's face!"

"Behold! Your weapons are close at hand;
And the hosts of Heaven at your command."

"And whether you won't an' whether you will
The hosts of Heaven attend you still."

I fought my battle, and conquered at length,
And found my weakness had brought me strength.

I learned this lesson while under the rod:—
To trust my weakness when it points to God.



THINE OWN

The deeds thou doest
Others do;
The facts thou knowest
Others know.

The thoughts thou thinkest
Others think;
In deeps thou sinkest
Others sink.

The tears thou weepst
Others weep;
Things thou reapest
Others reap.

The life thou ledest
Others lead;
Poor thou feedest
Others feed.

But thy conception
Of things that be
Without exception
Is part of thee.

It lifts thee, or lowers,
Blesses, or blames;
Inspires thee or cowers,
Invigors, or lames.

None mayest know it,
None may dare;
Thou canst avow it,
Let others beware!



A SERMON

A preacher stood under a smiling sky
And preached from a wonderful text.
But somehow or other it passed us by,
And left us sadly perplexed.
For he spoke of a terrible time to come,
Of the fate of the wicked in heart;—
Not a comforting word, or a thought to bring home
To the one who was doing his part.

The man apparently thought he did well,
 But his words went wide of the mark.
 And why they did so no one could tell
 Of that listening crowd in the park.
 The Nazarene taught a different creed
 From such a babble and shout;
 He taught a text of service in deed,
 That all who needed found out.

Some little comforting whisper we need
 To cheer on our earthly path.
 No thundering discourse of rite and creed—
 A gleam of Love, not Wrath.
 For He of the Hills of Gallilee,
 The manliest man on earth,
 Alike the pattern for you and me,
 Knew human need from His birth.

Alike the pattern for woman and child,
 And the manliest man on earth
 In palace royal or jungle wild,
 Of noble or lowly birth.
 This Man of Sorrows our sorrow knows,
 Our burden, our pitiful fall;
 And over our shortcomings gently throws
 A something that righteth all.

A something of boundless and infinite love
He throws about you and me.
When most we need it, it comes from above;
It does its work, and is gone;
But it leaves behind it a trail of light,—
A brooding, abiding peace,—
And all we were called on before to fight
We conquer and down with ease.

Go preacher! Learn of The Nazarene,—
Then come and preach anew!
But come back softly, with different mien,
Be sure that you are true!
For He of The Cross lived a different text
From any you ever preached.
His sermons will never leave any perplexed,
Tho His level may never be reached.

YULE THOUGHTS

Only a babe in a manger,
 Only a tuft of hay.
Only an innocent stranger
 Asking for leave to stay.

Darkness and gloom of ages
 Shattered by radiant light—
Strange things foretold by sages,
 Power of love o'er might.

Only a life of beauty;
 Only a death on The Cross.
Love beams a holy duty,
 Death mourns its final loss.

List to the song of angels!
 It echoes the centuries thro.—
That glorious song of angels
 Is sounding today for you!

Gone is the power that darkens,
 Gone is the power of the sword!
Free to each one who hearkens
 The blessing of one little word

"FOREST ECHOES"

Christ. The babe of the manger
Is here in the world today;
Not as a helpless stranger
Begging for place to stay.

But as a gleaming Presence,
The Glory and Light of The World.
Of goodness and beauty the Essence
His banner o'er all is unfurled!

AT YULE TIDE

Glory to God!
Does not every sinwrecked soul
Join in this joyous refrain!
Shout it from pole to pole,—
Sing it again and again!

Peace on Earth!
Was it ever achieved
Except thro fire and sword?
Christ taught, and we have believed
It comes thro the Holy Word.

Good Will to Men!
 Did it ever send out
 Its rays to earth's uttermost parts?
 Did ever glad angels shout
 The song to our doubting hearts?



A CONQUEST

Some one came knocking at my door,
 I bade him enter in;
 I'd often seen his form before—
 I did not know 'twas Sin.

His voice charmed. He strove to please
 My heart so light and free.
 His manners were so full of ease,
 That all looked well to me.

He said adieu!—He came again
 To make a call on me.
 Alas! I never knew till then
 How pleasing Sin can be.

His winning smile, his subtle grace,
 His gentle, manly tone
 Were all for me. His ardent gaze
 Was meant for me alone.

But I was firm. A hand did hold
Me back,—I said him nay.
But well I knew that suitor bold
Would come again some day.

He came again, and yet again;
His wooing bolder grew.
With reckless haste he pleaded when
His words did not ring true.

His voice grew hollow,—gone its ring,
Its graceful, gentle charm.
It called to mind some slimy thing
Whose presence bodes but harm.

Calmly I viewed his aspect when
His wrath swept down on me.
Alas, I never knew till then
How hideous Sin can be!

And now I view him with contempt,
I know his treacherous heart;
Such treachery I never dreamt
Were of this world a part.

He will come back. Sin always does,
Tho in another guise.
We know each conquest strengthens us,
And makes us doubly wise.

So when Sin makes his ardent plea
And tries our heart to win,
We peep behind the mask and see
How hideous is—Sin.



THE HUT IN THE WOODS WHERE THE CEDARS GROW

The hut in the woods where the cedars grow
Shelters a family of two;
Just beside it stands another,
In size and shape its very twin brother.
Beyond it the bank is high and steep
Where the river below is narrow and deep.

Along the bank runs the railroad track
Where the iron horse runs forth and back.
The wife sings in one hut, and in the other
The husband's friend his wife's own mother
A song of the sweetest, purest kind,
In spite of poverty's lurking grind.

She came from Evangeline's Land fullgrown,
He, tall and fair, from Normandy's own;
As finely mated, when seen together,
As warmth and cold in fine March weather.
And the little stranger about to come
Will surely be happy in such a home.

The pale little nurse who patiently waits
Sees nothing to dread in poverty's straits,
For on the stove sings the cheery kettle,
And all rings true to her finer mettle;
And well she knows that He overhead
Looks down in love on that lowly bed.

The night is radiant! The wintry blast
Is rocking the shadows the cedars cast
At Winter's own hearth in its snowy cradle,
Where the silvermoon with a silver ladle
Is dipping the shallows from out of the gloom,
And bringing the stranger nearer home.

And, when at last after hours of pain,
And at its height is that awful strain
Of mother-terror, the stars are waiting,
In silent wonder his fate debating
Who enters now. The die is cast,—
The little stranger has come at last

Into a world where he has to stay,
If Fate will let him, as best he may;
And the hut in the woods beside its brother
Shelters a radiantly happy mother,
Who hopes in her heart that the boy at her breast
Will prove, like his father, of Normandy's best.



THE CALL

The moon rose early, the woods were dark;
Shadows played hide and seek out in the park.
The flowers gently bent down to sleep,
The nightwind softly laid down to weep;
And save for the sound of a tinkling rill
All was hushed, and all was still.

Then Fancy, tied by the daylight down,
Rode on the moonbeams up and down.
It peopled the forest, the hill, and the dell,
The silvery lake, the river, the well.
It built a bridge,—it vanished soon,—
From the top of the pine to the edge of the moon.

From the silvery mist where these fairies played
The sound of the rill so softly strayed

When thro the night came a distant call
To rouse to wonder, then to appall.
It seemed to come, in its maddening tone,
From the top of the pine just under the moon.

'Twas like no other I ever heard!
Its dreary sadness my being stirred.
A weary sadness that sound revealed,—
A mocking madness that sound concealed.
The fairies hied on the mists away,
Rudely expelled from Fancy's sway.

Another call, and another came,—
Did some one, I wonder, call my name?
As weird, as strangely as before,—
I hurried inside, and shut the door.
Again it came!—'Twas the call of a loon
That trailed its mate by the light of the moon.

REGRETS

The silver sheen among the green,
The blueness of the pond,
Within the wooded emerald
The yellow fields beyond,
And over all the wide expanse
Of palest whiteflecked blue,
Creep in with beauty to enhance
A winsome summer view.

The golden shield of harvest yield
Is whitely coming on
As, full and clear, the harvest moon
Proclaims the Summer gone.
We linger on in summer dreams
Till comes the hunter's moon,—
Then just beyond whose palest beams
The snows come all too soon.

SOMEBODY'S HOME

Down in the field where strawberries grow
A little gray bird hovers to and fro;
Sometimes he warbles his cheeriest lay,
Then oft, with a twitter, he's darting away.
But whether he's resting or yet on the wing,
The one thing he does do, and that is—sing.

One morning last week I was treading my way
'Mid the strawberry tufts where the berries lay
Ripe and inviting, half burried in moss;
I started to gather them, reaching across
A bunch of dry grasses where clover blooms grew,
Fragrant, luxuriant, sprinkled with dew,

When up from the grasses in wildest alarm
Darted the mother-bird, thinking that harm
Would surely befall the dear little nest
Where four little birdlets were sweetly at rest.
The grasses I parted with careful hand,
And four little throats were about to expand

When hither and thither the mother-bird flew
Sounding a plaintive "Don't meddle, don't you
Dare touch, dare handle my darlings I say—
Go take all the berries then get thee away!"

The words were not plain, but the meaning was
 clear,
 And the poor little gray-bird was quaking with
 fear.

Only a birdsnest! Yet somebody's home
 Where some one was waiting for some one to come
 In from the outside with something to eat—
 In from the outside someone to meet.
 Something to get, and something to share
 With one who was waiting, and knew how to care.

Somebody's home!—When the birdlets have flown,
 And brambles and weeds o'er the nest have grown
 Time tempers its speed when it dwells on the rest,
 The comfort and peace of a last years nest
 That was somebody's home. Tho humble and small
 To six little birds it was home after all.

CLAMOR FOR FOOD

Sounds come to us from this and that,
Longings of souls for they know not what;
 They come in the night,
 They come in the day;
 From things in sight
 And far away—
And ever their burden thro this or that
Is:—"Something we long for, we know not what!"

Something to hold us stronger than life.
God, we are weary of sin and strife!
 Give us that something,
 We know not what;
 That wonderful something—
 God is it that?
Love everlasting, pure and dear—
God, let us feed on it while we are here!"

YOU

List to the story I tell you dear:—
 While others are either too far or near
 You alone are my darling true—
 Girlie, I love you, and only you!
 Others are either too near or too far—
 You are my lily, my rose, and my star.

Lily and Rose and Star in one,
 You, my dearly beloved One,
 Appeal to my heart with your fragrance sweet
 Then hasten away on alluring feet.
 Lily and Rose and Star in one
 You daintily touch me and then you are gone.

Gone to appear in a different way
 To charm and delight with a newer lay.
 Darling, I love to breathe your name,
 Varying ever and yet the same;—
 Same sweet fragrance, same sweet lay,—
 Darling, I cannot stay away!

SAILING

We are at sea
In a boat of Love, made for you and me;
Sailing thro space in our boat of Love
As dear and bright as the skies above.
You are its captain, I am your mate
As we sail along in our Ship of State.

We are not alone on this Royal trip,
Others are watching our staunch craft dip.
There is one at the helm and one astern
As we sail along and Love's secret learn!
Others are tending with willing hands
Our bright gleaming beacons in Other Lands.
Love is our lifeboat tho deluges fall;
Love is our Haven, and Love is our All.

JOY SUPREME

In modest garb so shyly it descends
And to all lesser things its glory lends;
Love lends it beauty, Virtue lends it bliss,
The key it yields to is the lover's kiss.

But if that key does not fit virtue's door
The joy supreme will enter nevermore;
The fleeting vision, real tho it be,
Must be from aught but tenderness set free.

For tenderness the essence is of Love—
Grieve not the spirit of that gentle dove!
Go tend it well. Unless you turn away
From things less pure it cannot hold its sway.

This tender flame within the lover's heart,
If kept alive by loving virtue's art,
Will on this earth your very Heaven be
And lend its glory to Eternity.

JOY

Joy is tender and priceless thing
That comes into being as orbits swing.

Swing and touch and blend and grow
In all loving natures here below.

They join on Earth and upward go
Singing and swinging to and fro.

Time and place are minor facts
To these explorers of unknown tracts.

Simply swinging and singing in flight
As they soar over worlds intensively bright.

Its essence is ever and ever the same
But changes its form with each different name.

As fleeting and dear as a poet's dream
In a lover's world is Joy Supreme.

All prevading and fully as sweet
Is its successor—Joy Complete.

For two loving natures tenderly meet
And touch and blend in Joy Complete.

And then they join in fullness of Time
And grow into one in Joy Sublime.

They bloom and blend, and in fullness of Time
Find their source in Love Sublime.



TWIN STARS

Circling within each other's sphere,
Never too far, and never too near
Each to the other's guiding star,
Each to the other is dearer by far
Than aught else beside. In alluring light
Each glitters and gleams in its shimmering white.

Twin Stars indeed! All other things may
Bloom in their fragrance and wither away.
We to each other are All in All;
Hark to our Good-inspiring call!
All in the place that saw our birth, —
All in Heaven and All on Earth.

Twin Stars we swing in our orbits free;
Swing in our rhythmic melody.
Swing and sing, and sing and swing
Like Dovelets of Peace on radiant wing!
Ever we swing in our shimmering sphere—
Never too far and never too near.

ALL IN ALL

"All in All" is our own sweet song,
And we keep singing it all day long.
Oh, if you knew how sweetly true
Is this little melody! Oh, if you knew—
"All in All" how Godly a theme,
Parents Divine of Joy Supreme!

"All in All" shall yet be our song
When we no longer are young and strong.
"All in All" will still be our lay
As chaff grows lighter and whirls away
From kernels that stay on our threshing floor
And Love is entwining our cottage door.

DAYS

They come one by one, a splendid array
Of beautiful things on their golden wings.
They cover with glory, but will not stay,
Nor rest on their wings—these wonderful things
 Who must not tarry
 For all they carry
God's blessings to us in a golden chain.
They appear, they are here, and are gone again.

We hail ye swift moving train of Days
That come and are gone just one by one!
For the one who works, and waits, and prays
Just one by one they come and are gone.
 For those who in sorrow
 Dread each tomorrow
They point to the Resurrection Morn—
Life Everlasting, newly born!

BECAUSE OF YOU!

Because of you the friendly skies are bluer,
The sunbeams show a purer golden tinge;
Because of you each friendly eye seems truer,
And each dear cloud now has a brighter fringe.
And each dear friend seems doubly true
Because of you!—

Because of you each man I deem a brother,
And view his failings in a kinder light.
And the command to love all one another
Because of you seems easy, just, and right!
Life seems a gift so sweet and new
Because of you!—

Because of you I hold Love's fetters dearer,
And hail with joy each pleasing golden link;
Because of you each cherished hope looms clearer
For from the tho't of you all shadows shrink.
All common things in hallowed light I view
Because of you!—

CHAMELEONS

Resting chameleon on your breast
Reflects the color in which you are dressed;
And fully as often reflects the hue
Of that other chameleon which is—you.

The other chameleon on your cheek
Reveals a spirit bold or meek;
But most that eye of brown or blue
Reflects a soul both brave and true.

So, likewise, our dearly loved Earth
With mountain and valley and sea begirth
Reflects, in glory of sky and sod,
That other Chameleon we call God.

A PROCESS

A diamond bright fell to earth one night,
And was hid in the dust away.
To the dark of night and the sun's bright light
It was lost 'mid things that decay.

What with mire and dust, and an iron crust,
And the crush of a mighty heel,
'Mid the things that rust, and the things of dust
It was cased as in coat of steel.

And the bloom and slime of a sunny clime
With rose and briar and tare,
And the crust of time with its shame and crime,
And the lure of each hidden snare

Grew o'er and about with the mighty shout
Of helpless ones oppressed;
And things of doubt, and things found out,
And the weeping of all distressed.

But the Hand of God with an iron rod
And a lapidary's skill
Probed out of the sod the unsightly clod,
And fashioned it to His will.

He struck at the fears, and doubts, and tears,
And laid the diamond bare,
Till the crust of fears, and the rust of years
Gave place to a beauty rare.

That lapidary so keen and wary
Saw the spoiling of priceless tools!
Was never weary thro labors dreary,—
Showed the skill of a thousand schools.

Saw that diamond brighten, and glisten, and
 lighten
With a glowing, a living fire;
Saw it glisten and lighten, and glimmer and
 whiten—
The thing that was once in the mire.

Till the fire seemed to start from its very heart
In numberless glittering stars.
From Nature's heart by that touch of art
Shone a beauty that nothing mars.

Friend—you and I, and the passer by
Are diamonds from above.
Shall The Master try thro that shell to pry
With His tools of Infinite Love?

MOTORING

Heart of my heart!—Life of my life!
Dearer than all, my own sweet wife!
Always and ever this song rings true:—
Sweetheart, wife, my world is you!
And He who guided our steering gear
Will guide the larger one, never fear!
All trusting souls will see this light—
Our Father steers, and always right.
He will guard each rod and bolt and chain,
And guide us in safety out on the plain.

Do you remember the day we went
Speeding away, and the time we spent
Motoring over unknown hills,
Valleys and plains?—My own heart thrills
When I think of the danger to you and me,
Our darling boy and the other three.
Never day was fairer than this!
Birds were singing of perfect bliss.
Flowers were blooming and scenting their best,
And we were as happy as all the rest.

Only ourselves will know it so,
 Our journey and danger is past you know.
 Our Heavenly Father a Hand did lend
 To guide our auto, and not to send
 All of its passengers, you and me,
 Over the precipice.—Don't you see!
 Homeward we sped, and homeward bound
 We came to our harbor safe and sound.
 And He who guided our journey then
 Will lovingly lead us on again.

We must remember we are not alone
 Speeding along over dangerous stone.
 Over our own lives He is holding His Hand,
 Be it on Ocean, in Air, or on Land.
 Speeding along over dangerous height,
 Or over boulevard flooded with light,
 Forth over open or dangerous roads
 Speed other autos with precious loads.
 Love is the Auto and Chauffeur combined,—
 Love is the Motive, and Love is the Mind.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

Grim, silent, lone, beside the road
The ragged beggar stands!
The busy feet that round him trod,
The grimy little hands

That marred the desks, the seats, the walls,
In perfect childhood bliss
Have donned the common overalls
Of life such as it is.

It stood securely. But of late
The wind's corroding blast
Has burned the effigy of State,
Tho in a furnace cast.

The after glow, the after math,
In sunset's rosy hue
Is weaving garments out of cloth
That cannot be but true.

HOME

Things of Labor cheered by love,
Angel wings in worlds above,
Such as, found in common things,
Lift us upward as she sings.

Songs are our Eternal food,
Measured by each daily mood
Of Earth's lovely, simple song
As we live, and work, and long

For a sweeter final rest
On a loving Saviour's breast.
Taste, and drink, and live at last—
All things else are of the Past.

ETHER WAVES

We are waiting till Earth shadows
Are a little lowered down;
And are longing for Love shadows
To have finer, dearer grown.

Ether waves are arcs of Lifelights
Pendant from Love's perfect crown.
Only One may swing our Headlight
As we lower others down.

We are sailing toward life's Ocean
In a bark or swift canoe!
Other crafts as quick of motion
Glide as swiftly as we do.

One as silently is watching
For Love's ever lighted Dome!
And is sweetly, softly waiting
For a beacon nearer Home.

THE STUBBLE FIELD

Down in a hollow near the road was once a stubble field;

It was a sickly, useless plot that would no harvest yield.

But just below it ran a brook from which its moisture came,

And sun and sky, and wind and rain smiled on it just the same

As on the other fields about, on woods and meadows fair;—

The little plot took heart and sent its leaflets to the air.

It sent its tiny, slender roots deep down into the soil

With slow persistency and care, and steady, constant toil.

A calm September day when all the other fields were dry

In golden glory of its own this field smiled at the sky;

It smiled and bloomed,—its beauty crept into its every part!

It bloomed like The Redeemer's love within The Songster's heart.

'Twas not a sudden growth; it came about by slow
degrees,—
The transformation of this plot, that had no pow-
er to please
When other fragrant things could spread their
bloom to Summer air,
But had to wait for Golden Rod to leave its glory
there.

But He who knows the real worth of all His grow-
ing things,—
The boundless joy that grows within when song-
sters try their wings,
And knows indeed the growing joy of souls let
loose from Sin—
He knew the struggles of that field,—and knew
the field would win.

BROTHERHOOD

At the end of the road is a queer little hut,
And it shelters a queer little man!
Its timbers are rotten, and rickety, but
'Tis the man's very own and is all he has got,
Aside from a cheeriness others have not—
This dear little, queer little man!

He used to be up at the first streak of dawn
This cheerily queer little man!
Was tending the chickens, the pigs and the fawn,
Was weeding the garden, and mowing the lawn,
Was whetting his muscle, his wit, and his brawn,
This busily queer little man.

He slaved for his betters, if betters they be
Of this dear little, queer little man!
Who used up his mettle, his wit, and his brawn,
And compelled him to sugar his wit, and to fawn
When aching in body while mowing the lawn,—
This dear little, queer little man,

For almost as little as nothing a year—
 This dear little, queer little man,—
But spite of it all he has nothing to fear,
For kind friends about find this little man dear,—
What little he needs he always finds near,
 This dear little, queer little man.

And up in the Manor another one stays,
 A quarrelsome, drear little man,—
Who owns all the acres, and pastures, and drays,
A stable of horses, both dapples and bays,
And sourest of tempers of wit and of face,—
 This horribly queer little man.

Which one was the master in earlier years
 Of these two little, queer little men?
It wasn't the one who is now without fears,
Vexation of spirit, tho burdened by years—
Which is now the happier think you, my dears,
 Of these two little, queer little men?

SHOWERS

Friend! Have you thought of the wealth and power
That come to us in one single shower?
Showers of blessings the Spirit brings,—
Of showers of verdure the brooklet sings;
And thro a shower of any sort
The Earth is fitted for toil and sport.

How fresh and fragrant a thunder shower
Leaves hill and valley and nook and bower!
How calm the spirit after a rain
Of thoughts, God given, that clear the brain!
And thro a shower of any sort
We find God's blessings in toil, and sport.

There's nothing like such a blessed shower!
It leaves its treasures in well and tower.
It leaves its blessings at every door;
It leaves its gifts with the rich and poor.
We feel the touch of the Sender's heart—
And—feel ourselves of the Whole a part!

"COLUMBIA," GO
SHEATHE YOUR SWORD!

Columbia! Go sheathe your sword.—You are no
mother!
Your boasted sons are not your own! You are
another
Than now you dream! You are not torn
By mother-love for sons you've never borne!

Columbia! Go sheathe your sword, and be a
mother!
Don't let the soaring Eagle be the Scarab's
brother!
You are another than you dream! Your present
woe is due
To callousness! Columbia, you are NOT TRUE!!

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

When heralded Democracy,
 With borrowed autocracy,
 That only rightly, reverently, sits
 Upon a brow that is of Knighthood's own,
 Puts on a garb that only just befits
 The Despotism it has sworn to down—
 Then leaps The Eagle from its mountain fastness,
 And finds no rest upon the unknown vastness;
 But out from Freedom's soil it sadly flies,
 And, missing foothold, it as sadly—dies.



IN THE LIMELIGHT

We raise at Freedom's Altars
 A sordid boomerang,
 And him who nobly falters
 We give a term of slang.
 We hate the life He gave us
 Who upholds Freedom's Plan,
 And isn't just a Juggernaut,
 Nor yet a Peter Pan.
 Just let The Eagle spread his wings
 O'er fair United States,
 And leave to Europe's queens and kings
 Their own sweet, simple fates!

AS IT IS

What one man does for the love of pelf
Another one does to better himself;
Each follows the Law of Time and Place
And others step into those others' space.
All may reap sheaves from the generous soil
Where the first one started his arduous toil.
Love levels all at the final test
If each one, in earnestness, does his best.

COLUMBUS

He had no friends, he had no gold,
He was weary and sad and worn;
But he proved himself the helmsman bold
Who early that October morn

Peered over the western wave to find
A beautiful, wonderful land!
A land where body and heart and mind
May work in a harmony grand.

In harmony with themselves and God,
And with each other as well;
A land where the wonders of the sod
Their wonderful stories tell.

The prow that cleaved the sullen wave
Cleaved mightier oceans still
Than the one that fondles the hero's grave,
In the realms of mind and will.

Look down thro the ages!—Look deep and long,
And see what patriots see!
Where do you find, in story or song,
A hero as noble as he?

Then hail to Columbus! the beggar of old,
The friendless, the hungry, the sad!
Hail to Columbus, the hero bold,
Whose valor today makes us glad!

A TRIBUTE TO ROOSEVELT

Sadly the winds on Sagamore Hill
Hunt for the form that now is still.
Elm and laurel at Oyster Bay
Whisper softly,—“He is gone away.”
Press and poet, scholar and sage
Laud the foremost man of the Age.

As one of the many of one of the few
He was the foremost, strong and true;
Strong for the principles he saw born,
By flimsy opponents laughed to scorn.
Foremost American! Foremost man!
Friend of the masses, friend of the man.

Gone is the hero! Drained is the cup!
Gone is the leader—higher up!
Earthly care and earthly storm
Can now not bend that sturdy form.
Ever courageous, tried and true,
Theodore Roosevelt, we honor you!

And winds that blow on Sagamore Hill
Must hunt in vain for the form now still.
The ones he loved at Oyster Bay
Must know in the silence that he is away.
And the world must hunt for another man
To fill his place in the work—if he can.

BE TRUE!

Some one is calling! Who can it be?
It isn't you and it isn't me.
Whom do you think this stranger is?
Harbinger either of woe or bliss.

He hides in sadness, he hides in joy,
And beckons alike to girl and boy.
He hides in music, work and play,
And every one must say him nay.

He hides in beauty of earth and sky,
But then only when we pass it by;
He lurks in the extreme end of joy
That may come to either girl or boy.

His favorite haunt is the dancing hall,
But he shuns the open in bat and ball;
He loves the simpering, slimy slide,
And the doubtful bliss of the moonlight ride.

And we, to be true, must have this imbued
That life, in its fulness, is Nature subdued.
A life may be boisterous, shallow, and free
That isn't for you and isn't for me.

Then whom do you think this stranger may be
That must not be you, and must not be me?
We call him Tempter, and he is true,
But so must we be, I and you.

He winds himself into all about,
And of his power there is no doubt;
Then shun his presence, girl or boy,
That lurks in the extreme end of joy.

And if we two are strictly true
He won't find me, and he won't find you!
And let him alone, whoever he be,
That isn't you and isn't me.

MAY THIRTIETH

Blossoms modest, gorgeous and gay,
 Blossoms of every hue,
Give of your best for the Thirtieth of May,
 For heroes noble and true!

Give of your fragrance, your color, your life,
 Give of your beauty ALL!
Give to the men of that fearful strife
 Who came at their country's call.

The men of song and story,
 The men of fire and sword
Who, tho they sought no glory,
 We honor in deed and word.

Rests in vale and hillside
 All over this fair land of ours
The heroes, to which with loving pride
 We bring our choicest flowers.

But where find the phrase and the word
 For the glory of freeing a race?
After all its proudest record
 We read in the black man's face.

The face where a quick intelligence
Shows the freedom of the soul,
As with nerve and brain and mind and sense
He strives for the white man's goal.

For what if the skin be swarthy
If the soul within be white!
If he choose to be wise and worthy,
If he choose to live in the light,

He may rear on the solid foundation
Our resting heroes laid
A monument fitting the Nation,
Whose hallowed ground we tread.

So yield, ye blossoms, your fragrance and life,
Give of your beauty all!
Give, like the men of that fearful strife,
Who came at their country's call.

Let us give ourselves, as we give our flowers,
To the cause for which they bled;
These men, whom over this fair land of ours
We pray for—Our honored dead.

A THANKSGIVING

The woods of Plymouth, shorn of their glow,
See dusky forms gliding to and fro.
Each speeding arrow brings down its bird,
Though through the forest no sound is heard
Save when the wind—swayed branches meet,
Or the woodland moss with moccasined feet.

As the harvest moon grows full and bright,
And the friendly dew turns to flakes of white,
Thanks for the harvest, they all declare,
Shall be a feast on whose bill of fare
The Pilgrim housewife must show her skill
And dusky guests grunt their good will.

With golden squash and the turkeys brought
By friendly redskins; the wild grapes, sought
Among the briars in sunny glades
By youths and maidens in pleasant raids;
And flour from windmills across the seas
The Pilgrim matron is at her ease.

Now bright and clear dawns Thanksgiving Day
And up the sun glides from out the spray;
The feast is ready, and words of cheer
Now greet the guests from afar and near.

Then heads are bowed and the blessing said,
And all are ready to break the bread.

The stately chief with his friendly braves
Show all the courtesy their friendship craves
And bring their share to the harvest feast—
The white squaws see that each one is pleased.
What matters it if the white man's God
Or the Great Spirit the redskins laud

Receive the thanks:—When thanks are given
Some way or other they do reach Heaven,
And find their way to the Maker's throne
Whether from tundra or torrid zone—
Whether you and I or the Eskimaux
Are the ones to speed them!—"Tis God's own law.

Ye who today give your tardy thanks
Round groaning tables whose burden ranks
Among the choicest that ever yet
Left hand of chef, and whose cloths are set
With aid of cutglass and silverware—
Compare your own with this bill of fare:—

Turkey, wild, that the redskins brought;
Venison from the sunny lot
Of land that borders the wooded hill

Where herds of deer roam about at will.
Squash and onion, wild grape and nut,
Served in the cabin or turf-clad hut

On rough hewn planks. From the choice plate
Brought in the Mayflower the redskins ate
As guests of honor, the roasted meat
They knew not whether to gulp or eat.
The forest spring gave its very best
And hearty goodwill made up the rest.



VOICES OF SUMMER

One morning in April I hied me away
To hear what the murmuring brook had to say,
Beyond the grove where the tamaracks grow
To the sweetsmelling forest far below,
Where the voices of Winter, in Springtime born,
Like the thorn on the briar, seemed sadly forlorn.

As I traveled these woodland paths again
And listened to songsparrow, robin and wren
I saw the gentle violet peep
From where voices of Summer were lightly asleep.
Since then I have traveled them o'er and o'er
On many a morning, and sounded their lore.

With these voices of Summer as virile and free
As Earth's own conundrum the hive of the bee;
The white field daisy in glory dressed,
And bluebell and buttercup looking their best
No wonder I stopped, and listened, and heard
These voices of Summer in flower and bird.

Said the thistle aloud as he put on his hue,—
"I think I look stylish now, don't you?"
And the goldenrod in his hood of gold,—
"I hope I am neither too loud nor too bold."
While beyond the fence then chimed in the gorse.
"I'm sure I am neither too bold nor too coarse!"

Then chirruped the brazen whip-poor-will,—
"When of their boasting you have had your fill
Come here, and try to find my nest,
As carefully hidden as all the rest
Of your musical friends' in dells and dunes!
Come, challenge our wits instead of our tunes."

Sang the catbird too from the willow tree,—
"We are wise to your practises now you see!
We're eager and proud to show our nests,
To love you, and tell you our modest requests!"
But I knew these flatterers far too well,
So I turned to inquire of the sweet bluebell

Why she, of them all, seemed the only one true
 To modesty, sweetness, and color of blue.
 Her answer in substance was somewhat like this:
 "I think the keynote here you miss,—
 When you yourself are slightly awry
 Then so are the voices of earth and sky."



HOW THE BEAR WAS FELLED

Across the seas in a leafy dell
 Stood a hut with a mossgrown roof;
 And there, with his wife, lived Korporal Fell,
 And his life-work was—to loaf.

His wife was as quick as he was slow,
 But his was an active tongue.
 He was well enough as some folks go—
 As tired as the day was long.

The hut had a poor excuse for a door,
 With a crooked nail for a lock;
 It wasn't bought in any store,
 And the steps were of natural rock.

The hinges were rusty, and thin, and worn,
 By a century's use or more;—
 When a cinnamon bear walked in one morn
 He simply pushed in the door.

Then Korporal Fell, as quick as a flash,
Crawled up thro the door to the loft,
Drew up the ladder, and with a crash
And bang the trapdoor dropped.

But the wife who was left to face Bruin alone
Did not stop to argue or think;
When she saw what the cowardly man had done
She acted as quick as a wink.

"How stupid you are! You always were,—
Run off, and leave Bruin alone!"
Said Fell, but the old man's muskedeur
Shattered Bruin, brain and bone.

Stark on the floor the bear was laid
By the gun in the good wife's hand.
"Are you sure he is dead?" came from overhead,
"Now pound with the other hand."

Said he, as at last he begun to descend,—
"Now wife! Didn't we do well?"
And straightway he started for neighbor and
That wonderful story to tell. [friend

The latest version, as I am told,—
He told it so much and so oft—
Was that he killed the bear with stroke so bold,
And she crawled into the loft.

LAKE MADAWASKA

Come, listen to me, stranger!
 Did lucky wind e'er take
 You over Madawaska,
 Our pretty little lake?
 A pearl set round with emeralds,
 With sapphires in between—
 A cluster of forget-me-nots
 Embedded in the green.

If you have seen it, stranger,
 Have seen the varying hue
 From amethyst to silver,
 And shading in to blue
 As on Lake Madawaska
 The sun sinks to the West,
 With lake and loon and wild duck
 All silently at rest,—

Have seen the whitelimb'd birches,
 And rested in their shade,
 Have roamed the virgin forest
 Or lingered in the glade
 You know why we delight in it,
 And why we think it grand
 For there isn't such another one
 In any other land.

For when you scan the forest
While idling on the shore,
And see the fawn come grazing
Up to your very door,
Or hear the loon a-calling
Its mate to moon and star,
And listen in the silence
For the answer from afar,—

Or hear the wild duck splashing
Way in among the weeds,
And see her flock of ducklings
A-following where she leads
Skim o'er the placid surface,
Or dip into the deep
Where a million little fishes
Are lazily asleep,—

Or see the trout a-playing
With others in the brook,
(you think while you are watching,
That he's waiting for the hook)
And see the nightly shadows
O'er lake and forest creep,
While a host of tiny wavelets
Are lulling you to sleep,

You'll say there's naught as pretty
 As this little lake of ours
 That nestles like a flower
 Where the fragrant cedar towers.
 Perhaps, had I my choice,
 I'd be a wary loon
 A-dipping into its waters,
 And a-calling to the moon.



WINTER SWAY

When wintry imps in a glow come forth
 Like icyfingered throlls of The North,
 And shadows lengthen their sharper fringes,
 And health in ruddy complexion tinges,
 And winter sway, in its flight, imprints
 Its many colored hues and tints,—

Then cradles Earth, like a tired child,
 Each weary creature of wooded wild;
 And flakes of ermine come down together,
 And wrestle glory from winterweather.
 When lake and brooklet are hid from sight
 Aroostook winter is at its height.

When Autumn stillness has fled in terror,
And Autumn storms become Autumn's mirror,
And Nature weaves, on a larger scale,
Other garlands for hill and dale,—
Then Winter, merciless oft in sway,
Is held in check by each longer day.

And Spring in fairylike form and feature
Is lending glory to every creature,
And cold and dreariness yield at last
When Winter's reign is of the past;
It yields its power of icy chain
To sweeter music of sweeter strain.



SUMMER IN AROOSTOOK

Golden light enfolding forest, lake, and vale,
Let us go a-camping, weather will not fail!
Camping is a pleasure when the trout is kind,—
Time we may not measure, rain we do not mind.

Fleecy cloudlet spraying, hasten on your way,
You are only playing,—'tis the month of May!
We are not a-maying, you are out of tune;
All things green are saying 'tis the month of June.

Verdant field and hillside beckon us to come,
Blow away ye eastwind, hasten to your home.
Tenting by the river, fishing in the brook,
What can look so tempting as the things we cook?

All along the highway speeding up the hill
Go the autos humming, saucy Jack and Jill;
Speeding thro the forest, stately pine and fir
Bend in silent homage to the busy whirr.

Strawberries by the thousand ripen on the hill.
There is shy Linnea dipping in the rill!
Birds and bees are humming—We are making hay,
We are never idle, mingle work with play!

Summer in Aroostook with its countless joys
For its men and women, for its girls and boys,
Is the queen of seasons, is the best of all,—
Better than the Springtime, brighter than the Fall.

A TALE OF THE DELL

When the sun hangs low
If you will go
Where Nature declares "All's well,"
And incline your ear
Then you may hear
With me this tale of the Dell:—

In the midst of a bog
An old bullfrog
With his noisy musical crowd
Were holding sway,
And singing their lay,
And their song was both loud and long.

The lean scrub oak
In his shabby cloak,
With spruce and hemlock and fir,
Decided to stay,
In a venturesome way,
This horribly unfriendly stir.

The dapper spruce
Began to accuse
The birch in her gown of white,
Of a coarser caste,
And a growing taste
For the lay of the Summer night.

"If we had been born
With ears like the corn
The bullfrog might croak himself ill!
But you must agree
That ears such as we
Have can not stand that horrible thrill."

The bumble-bee
Told the fleur-de-lis,
And the lily the sweet blue-bell;
The young bullfrog
Told the polliwog,
And the story spread thro the dell.

There issued a call
Thro the forest all,
As voiced by the lean scruboak,
That "Throughout the bright
Sweet summer night
The frog be forbidden to croak."

"FOREST ECHOES"

On the end of a log
Sat the old bullfrog,
Who was king of the croaking tribe;
"Aha," said he
When he heard the decree,
"Just wait till I consult my wife!"

At the door of his house
Sat his worthy spouse
As a leap and a thump and a thud
Brought the bullfrog down,
Minus scepter and crown,
To his kingdom down in the mud.

She soothed his fears,
And dried his tears,
And straightened his collar and tie;
Then sent him away
On that summer's day,
Determined to do or die.

Then to pine and oak
With a mighty croak
The bullfrog announced his decrees:—
"That throughout each bright
Sweet summer night
I'll croak as much as I please."

"And, furthermore,
Near my palace door
In my kingdom in the pond,
I'll erect a stand
To my noble band,
For of music we all are so fond."

"A stand so fine
Of birch and pine,
With panels of finest oak;
If the weather be cold
I may make so bold
As to borrow the scruboak's cloak!"

The oak thought best,
And so did the rest,
Let the bullfrog follow his bent;
So each summer night,
Whether dark or bright,
He croaks to his heart's content.

And peace once more
Reigned as before
Among the things of the dell;
The frog jumped back
To the door of his shack,
The bee went back to his cell.

And each decree
Of frog and tree,
With its moral we'll put on the shelf;
And let each sing his lay
In his own sweet way,
Tho it pleases none but—himself.



A MODEL INVASION

About the time of the civil strife
When the nation's honor, the nation's life
And progress were all at stake,
And this selfsame nation showed its worth
In the fearful struggle 'twixt South and North,
And the evils that followed its wake

The question arose with the men of state,
Those faithful few who early and late
Had worked for the common good:—
How can we turn to better use
Maine's thousands of acres? How can we infuse
Into its life and blood

An element strong enough to withstand
 Privations and hardships, that hand in hand
 Go to make a garden fair
 Of wooded wilderness, swamps and hills,
 Studded with lakes and rivers and rills,
 Yet of a fertility rare?

For these men had tried but tried in vain
 To settle these unnumbered acres of Maine
 By various means and ways;
 Had offered farms to high and low,
 But few had wanted, or cared to go
 To such an unheard of place

As our fair Aroostook then seemed to be,
 And those who ventured in some degree
 Soon gave it up in despair.
 No one could stand, they all declared,
 The cold of the winters, and no one dared
 To risk his own welfare

In such a hopeless task as that;
 Try any other one thing than that
 Of settling the wilds of Maine!
 But something or other had to be done
 These statemen thought; and next time they won
 When they shouldered the burden again.

They had planned and schemed, by failure made
Had tried new ways, and tried old, [bold,
And none had stood the test
Till Thomas, made bold by the failure of each,
In a way of his own commenced to preach
A theory that proved the best.

He told them what he wanted. And when
He told them he knew where to find the men
That would serve the purpose in view
He carried the day, tho at first he strained
Each strategic nerve, and thus he gained
The support of a faithful few.

He labored early, he labored late
For the welfare and growth of his noble state
Till he saw his dreams fulfilled;
Saw waving grain on fertile fields,
In place of forests abundant yields
To reward the ones who tilled

These widespreading clearings, where foot of man
But rarely, if ever, had trod, and the plan
Of Nature had seemed to be
For deer and woodchuck, and prowling bear
To wield the sceptre forever there.
Each master in some degree.

Beyond the Atlantic a freeborn race
 Had gained, and kept, an honored place
 Among the nations of earth;
 A blue eyed race, and stalwart as few,
 As strong and valiant, as loyal and true
 As any race on earth.

For centuries they had tilled the soil,
 Won their laurels, and gained the spoil
 Of others who ventured to try
 To tests their worth on land or sea,—
 No viking was ever defeated—not he—
 He would win in battle or die.

As "bonde" or viking each was free,
 One on land as the other on sea,
 Was no ones serf or slave;
 Whatever he did was by choice of will,—
 A true Scandinavian does so still,—
 Is daring and true and brave.

'Tis true there were slaves, for each conquered
 Or nation, or people, were made to face [race,
 Their conquerers only as slaves;
 But such as had lives and rights of their own,
 And were not made to fear their master's frown,
 Or to dig their own longed for graves.

They worshiped their gods, Odin and Thor,
Balder and Freja, and solemnly swore
 Never to die in peace;
No! die in battle, by sword or spear,
Or club, or fire,—all were taught to fear
 A deathbed of wealth and ease.

The women were faithful, strong and true,
Adored their husbands, their eyes of blue
 Looked closely to home and hearth;
Adorned their homes, and reared a race
Of future strugglers for freedom's grace
 In valor of simple worth.

They dwelt in a land both rugged and bright,
They held their revels by midnight light
 To the song of the nightingale;
And also when light of twilight and dawn
'Cross the slant of the noonday ray was drawn
 O'er mountain and hill and dale.

Tho midwinter revels were fully as wild
As summer revels were gentle and mild
 And the boar was an emblem fit,
Yet hospitality there held sway,
Each weary traveler had right of way
 When the birchwood fire was lit.

There as guest in the "högbank" sat
 The honored traveler who told of what
 The outside world had done
 Since the latest departed guest was sped,
 Feted and honored, toasted and fed,
 As seasons had come and gone.

In those days, when newspapers did not, as now,
 Tell all the world's doings an hour or two
 After each one occurs on the sphere
 The oldtime bard would chant the news,
 Of scenes of fighting, defeat and truce
 To melodies wierd and drear.

Could he play the harp, did he handle well
 Its delicate strings while his song did tell
 Of deeds heroic and brave,
 His charmed listeners all night long
 Forgot to rest, the truthful song
 Was heard by knight and knave.

While the fire on the hearth, kept roaring and
 By the serfs, was aided by flickering light [bright
 From torches made of pine
 In corners farthest away from the guest
 Each heard a little, and guessed at the rest,
 As he wrought each chip of pine.

Had a boar been felled the head would grace
The table. In front of the guest was the place
 For that highly flavored dish;
With finest bread that could be produced,
On dishes of silver but rarely used,
 With fowl and game and fish.

The lucky one who had killed the boar,
If able to do so, would chant and score
 His success in verse and rhyme;
Would sing of how that boar was tracked,
His sides were worried, his skull was cracked,
 With incidents at the time.

The songs and chants to all most dear
Were listened to only once a year
 When the Yuletide board was spread;
Then wonderful sagas were chanted and sung
By sweet voiced bards till the rafters rang,
 And pledges to Odin were said.

Vows that would rank with heroes of old
When fulfilled, as they must be, these pledgers
 For vows were sacredly kept; [bold,
No matter what hardships they had to go through,
What wounds were opened, what blood would flow,
 Or how much the women wept.

Such fine hospitality still is found
 In these northern countries. Each is bound
 By usage to treat as guest
 The friend or enemy under his roof,
 In saintly garb, or horn and hoof,
 Each must and shall have the best.

The northern women wove the cloth,
 Fashioned the garments, and made the broth
 For husbands, brothers, and sons;
 They shared the burdens, eased the pain,
 Added their thrift to the others gain,
 And obeyed commands at once.

The homelife was simple enough at best,
 As the master and mistress did so did the rest
 Of the members and serfs as well;
 The whole community lived in peace,
 Each with the other at home and at ease
 Would barter and borrow and sell

The product of either the smithy or field,
 Or others as usefully tendered yield
 Of forest or treasured store.
 The carving of wood was highly esteemed,
 And making of weapons that brightly gleamed
 On rafter and sill and door.

Their laws were made by common consent
 By the will of the people, who yearly went
 To the seat of the Odal Ting.
 The chosen ruler, deposed or crowned
 By the will of the people, was duly bound
 To be one in that lawmaking ring.

They fought, they wrestled, they handled the oar,
 They tested their courage by hunting the boar
 With fervor and zest and vim;
 They measured the depth of the steel they bought,
 They quaffed the mead in one great draught
 From the horn that was filled to the brim.

Not a drop must be left in that gilded horn
 After that one draught. The finger of scorn
 Would be pointed at any man
 Who could not stand that manly test;
 Woe to the one who, tho doing his best,
 Had failed. He was placed under ban.

When no longer worshiping Odin and Thor
 They were not as warlike as before
 And the creed of The Nazarene
 Had entered and conquered that northern race,
 As fair of heart as they were of face,
 And changed was bloody scene.

Instead of plunder, pillage and blood
Came scenes of industry, thrift, and good
Intent of high and low.
Their one time pleasure in gruesome strife,
Their love of warfare, their savage life
Were doomed—they had to go.

As the perfect blade of his battle axe
Was carefully tempered, and how to relax
His grasp of the mighty core
Of the finegrained handle of choice wood
As polished by use, was not understood
By him till the battle was o'er—

So the courage and faith of these Men of The
North
Were as carefully tempered, their sterling worth
As tested and polished by use
As that wellworn handle in oldtime fray—
Was there need of relief he turned not away—
To aid he could not refuse.

Later these men who as vikings scoured
The seas of Europe were wholly cowered
And chained by the demon Drink,
Who then as now chained valor and strength,
Through each generation he gained at length,
And lessened the power to think

Of once proud victims. Then some who had learned
That the life of the hereafter could not be earned
By fire and spear and sword
Had come to acknowledge the beauty and worth
Of the one who was Master of South and North,
In the creed of The Risen Lord.

Of men of this stamp there were not a few,
As bold as the vikings, as loyal and true,
Who fought in as fierce a fray.
A man who can stand in any storm
With a Christian's heart in a viking's form
Wields as great a power today.

Humbler followers of such men
Spread over the kingdom time and again,
And crossed to distant shores;
They spread to the east, they spread to the west,
For greater phases of labor and zest,
And entered our nation's doors.

Of just such temper and timber and grain
Were the men who invaded the wilds of Maine
Under Thomas July twentythird;
The army that since, for many decades,
Has hewed from impassable forest glades
Where scarcely a man had trod

Such smiling fields of verdure clad soil,
Worthier monuments to human toil
 Than many a polished shaft;
'Twixt where the fruitladen orchards rear
Their glowing beauties far and near
 Are proofs of the skill and craft

Of the men whom poverty never bent,
Who in spirit of usurer's twelve per cent
 Paid when their notes were due.
In this model invasion no one was robbed,
No one slaughtered, no one mobbed,
 And all were loyal and true.

FOUR DECADES LATER

In looking backward thro the years
Made bright with hope, or dull with fears,

Our hearts today are tender;
As on these fragrant, fertile field,
That promise now abundant yields
Or winter's store to render

We gaze. And see where strong hands traced,
With stroke of axe where interlaced

Dark branches, heaven's own azure.
Or view these blossoms wet with dew,
The tender leaflet's changing hue,—
Each source of keenest pleasure.

Our thoughts dwell tenderly today
On that sad parting, far away,
From homes and friends and mothers;
Tho lurked the dangers on the way,
With strangers where they came to stay
They found but friends and brothers.

Of hardy Scandinavian race,
Tall, blue eyed, strong, and fair of face,
These men of his selection
With Thomas tramped the rough hewn path
To conquest. Never hero hath
Conquered a fairer section!

Conquest of foes within, without,
The covert sneer, the halfveiled doubt,
Some discontented murmurs
From members of his little band,
Who oft forgot that faithful hand
Could lead them only onward.

He faced them all, with tongue and pen,
And deed and cheer, thro seasons when
All prophesied disaster.
He faced these foes with generous grace;
He bade them wait the time and place,
And showed that he was master

Of every situation. Where
A hand was needed he was there,—
One with them all in sorrow.
The council by the cottage door
He shared and led, and waited for
A prosperous tomorrow.

Behold it now! That morrow came
With fair success, and well earned fame
To each and every member.
Tho forty years have passed away,
We look thro misty years today,
And naught but good remember.

And many words of praise and cheer
 Fell from his lips as, year by year,
 He watched New Sweden growing;
 And Father Thomas may today
 Be in our midst, or far away,
 His "children" watch his coming.

How warm the welcome! How sincere
 The greeting! Gone was all the fear
 Each may have felt at starting.
 How good it tasted—meat and drink—
 And rest how welcome! None could think
 Then of the pain of parting.

Then one by one, round in these woods,
 With wife and child, and household goods
 The sturdy settlers scattered.
 And if the bread was wheat or rye,
 And dinner minus cake or pie
 Was served, it little mattered.

For oh, the whole land of the town,
 With no restraint from king and crown,
 They held in proud possession!
 No Viking on the Ocean free
 Was e'er as proud of ship or sea
 As each in that procession

Who forty years ago today
From o'er the water sailed away,
 With no fear of disaster;
When first each man held in his hand
The "deed" that made him of his land
 The undisputed master.

The deed that showed, that to possess
Some hundred acres, more or less,
 Was not a vain endeavor;
That when translated, he would find
That in it, these had been assigned
 Him and his heirs forever.

Time passes. From that time to this
Each has been trying, more or less,
 To make his "farm" resplendent.
We all expect that soon we'll see
Him tie his airship to a tree,
 That pioneer's descendant.

Even now,—Why, neither horse nor steer,
The pride and stay of yesteryear
 Suit farmers of this section!
For why, indeed, should they be slow
When e'en the very air will grow
 Tubers to perfection?

The iron horse has found a route,
 And touring car and runabout,
 And motors without number,
 Where formerly not even a dog,
 And only sound of fowl and frog
 Disturbed the peaceful slumber

Of each tired worker who, at night,
 As late returned from weary fight
 With giants of the clearing,
 Forgets the heat, the dust, the fight,
 The cinder, soot, mosquito bite,
 When he his camp is nearing.

And we who later came to share
 Their hope, their fear, as well as care,
 Their work as well as leisure,
 With all New Sweden's girls and boys
 We mourn their sorrows, hail their joys
 In deepest, keenest measure.

How dear to us each wrinkled face,
 Each tottering form, once full of grace,
 And health and strength and beauty!
 To us, the summons of today,
 Tho living near, or far away,
 Was not a call of duty.

How dear to us each hill and vale,
Each crooked fence, each post and rail,
 The stumps, the rocks, the ditches!
How dear each sheltered mossy nook,
By quiet stream or murmuring brook,
 The forest's hidden riches!

How dear the frolic of the frogs,
The fireflies in the swamps and bogs,
 The hilltop's lengthening shadow!
The partridges with tender broods,
Linnea in the fragrant woods,
 The sweet scents from the meadow!

How dear the changing autumn leaves,
The swallows on the beams and eaves,
 The twitter of the sparrow!
The redcheeked apple on the bough,
Potato field or drifting snow,
 The marks of plow and harrow!

The founder of this settlement
Sees here as proud a monument
 As ever graced a nation.
All things combined will prove this true:—
'He builded better than he knew.'
 On wide and deep foundation.

While still we love our Blue and Gold,
 The Stars and Stripes as dear we hold,
 And honor Dear Old Glory;
 And while we hail Red, White and Blue,
 To Sweden's flag our song rings true,
 As famed in song and story.

Why should we not! The same blue dome
 That's o'er us here is o'er the home
 Of Sweden's sons and daughters.
 The same bright sun that here is seen
 Doth see itself reflected in
 Both Maine's and Svea's waters.



FIRST SETTLERS

Where are they now, that little band,
 That once were straight and strong?
 Who cleared the soil and tilled the land,
 And feared but to do wrong.

Who tilled with ceaseless toil the ground,
 And made the forest ring
 With songs of praise as well as sound
 Of axe's mighty swing.

From cheerful hearth to weary toil
 'Mid briar, rock, and root,
These men went forth to make the soil
 Yield its abundant fruit.

Gone are they all. Gone are the wives,
 Brave daughters of the North,
Whose simple, kindly, quite lives
 Showed forth their priceless worth .

Whose busy hand the spinning wheel
 Kept humming all day long;
By shingle pile the flashing steel
 Plied faster at their song.

That shingle knife upon the wall,
 The stump upon the hill,
But dimly to our minds recall
 The forms that now are still.

The forms that, bent with care and toil,
 Where busy feet had trod,
Gave up each body to the soil,
 Each spirit to its God.

God rest them all, those heroes brave!
 Long may on History's page
Their memory live, tho on each grave
 Is shown nor name nor age.

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW

The brand new house was grandly planned
 With pillars and posts galore;
 And baywindows many, and eye and hand
 Had wrought on panel and floor
 Full many a dainty design with care,
 And many a thought was embodied there
 With wonderful deftness and skill.

The tumbledown dwelling at present used
 Seemed to look on with wondering eye,
 And to wait and watch as if half amused
 As the frame of the new rose high.
 And it seemed to say, in a queer sort of way,—
 "Now this is your turn, I've had my day,
 A long and a blessed one too!"

"I've seen and heard such wonderful things
 Of each life I've sheltered well!
 Some secrets I know,—What that songsparrow
 Only he and I can tell. [sings.
 For he sings with me of days that are gone,
 And he sings of what he and I alone
 Have seen and known for years."

"But he doesn't know of all that I know
For he isn't as old or wise;
And I could tell him a thing or two
That would cause him a great surprise!
Of people born, and people dead,—
Tales of lives that have come and fled
From between my rickety walls."

"Many a heart ache, and many a joy,
And many an unshed tear
Of aged mother and fairhaired boy
I've noted from year to year.
Many a secret some maiden told—
Secrets I would not reveal for gold,
Or any wealth in the world!"

"In one of my windows a Bible rests,—
I've sheltered a Godfearing race,
And listened to many earnest requests
For needed strength and grace
To bear whatever life had in store
For those who found shelter within my door,
And strangers passing thro."

"Of sickness and sorrows I've known not a few,
And of joys an endless chain,
For healing followed each sickness thro,

And gladness followed the pain.
Whatever my fate,—I soon will be gone—
Whatever I know the sparrow alone
Will know, or care to know!"

Then the stately mansion, "Your tale may be
I do not doubt that it is! [true,
But—to be pounded and hammered I tell you
Isn't any degree of bliss.
You speak of sorrows,—I know of none,—
I wish I could know the carpenter gone,
And mason and painter too."

“I hope I am finished,— I know I am,—
I wish they would leave me alone!
I’m patient and quite as Uncle Sam
On his masterly wave washed throne.
And I wish to goodness that pounding would
cease,
And clatter and patter and noise, if you please,
I certainly need a rest!”

SESAME

When friendship lost is once regained
How wonderful it seems!
And tender thoughts by silence chained
Re-echo in our dreams!
No sweeter music fills the spheres,
No sweeter chords resound
Than tender memories fraught with tears
That in our lives rebound.

How sweetly true each moment seems!
How joyously we hail
Each pleasing vision of our dreams
However fleet and frail!
The past and present blend in one
Dear bud of sweet delight,
That blooms anew when we are gone
To other worlds of light.

And friendship lost shall be regained,
And all will truer seem
Than any chords however chained
That vibrate in our dream
Where other music fills the spheres,
And other chords abound
Than tender memories, fraught with tears,
That in our lives resound.

BLEND A

Fireflies flashing in the night
Are the beams of fadeless light
In Aurora's crown.

Fireflies fading in the night
Are the silver stars that light
Up Aurora's gown.

Swiftly from her stellar height
Darts the goddess of the night
To her darkened bower;
Silently, in frosty white,
Goddesses of day and night
Meet in rapture's tower.

Tenderly the two combine,
Slenderly the two entwine
Each the others form!
Both within the selfsame shrine
Show a faint dividing line
On the twilight borne.

MERRY MAIDS A-DANCING!

Merry maids a-dancing,
Childish hearts entrancing,
Are the sunbeams glancing
 O'er the woodland paths.

Tender maids a-glancing,
Lover's hearts a-lancing,
Are the beams enhancing
 Moonlit woodland swaths.

Gleaming! gleaming! gleaming,
Merry maids a-beaming
Over childhood dreaming,
 Cease your merry dance!
Fraught with sadness dreaming,
Fraught with laughter gleaming,
Joy with sadness teeming
 Is your merry trance.

Merry maids a-dancing,
Happily a-prancing,
Lovers' hearts entrancing,
 Cease your merry play!
Tender moonbeams glancing,
Woodland paths enhancing,
Joyousness advancing,
 Be the maiden's stay!

MAID OF THE FOREST

Maid of the forest, sweet appleblossom maid!
 Pride of the forest, nor faint nor afraid.
 Eyes dark as Autumn night, brown or azure
 blue—
 Looks bright as Summer light,—pure, sweet, and
 true.

Maid of the forest, Sweet maid of mine.
 Pride of the forest, Brightheart of mine.
 Maid of the forest, sweet appleblossom maid!
 Pride of the forest, nor faint nor afraid.

Maid of the forest, sweet tenderhearted maid,—
 What lent your voice its tender aid?
 Who lit the starry light beaming in your eye?
 What made your soul so white this side the sky?
 Maid of the forest, sweet maid of mine!
 Pride of the forest, sweetheart of mine!
 Maid of the forest, sweet appleblossom maid!
 Pride of the forest, nor faint nor afraid.

Maid of the forest, don your cap and gown!
 Maid of the forest, maid of sweet renown.
 Pride of the Wanderer's eye,—Pride of my heart!
 Sweetest beneath the sky,—Master of Art!

Maid of the forest, sweet maid of mine!
Pride of the forest, sweetheart of mine!
Maid of the forest, sweet appleblossom maid!
Pride of the forest, nor faint nor afraid.



SENSE AND NONSENSE

When Sense wedded Nonsense from over the way
We neighbors declared she had led him astray;
For he was a man with a sensible mind,
And she was a maid of the butterfly kind.
 But Sense and Nonsense are happy today,
 Happy as birds, in their own sweet way.
 They banter and tease in a playful way,
 And thus keep trouble and strife at bay.

When Sense gives Nonsense the upper hand
A bottle of imps are ready to land
To scamper about in a heedless way,
Till Sense meets Nonsense about half-way.
 Then Sense and Nonsense are happy again,—
 Happily tuned to their own sweet strain.
 They banter and tease in a playful way,
 And that keeps trouble and strife at bay.

STARLIGHT OF MY DREAMS

I am lingering on the verdict of your ever truth-
ful lips

Like the ever thirsting honey-bee on nectar that
it sips.

For your fancy—so it seems—

Is the starlight of my dreams,—

Is the starlight and the moonlight of my dreams!

I am waiting for the sun of love to shine on me
again!

I am waiting for your verdict, dear, to cheer me
on, and then

Will your presence, with its beams,

Now the starlight of my dreams,

Be the sunlight, moonlight, starlight of my
dreams?

And the tenderness that now I feel deep hidden in
your heart

Will revolve upon its orbit and reflect love's every
part!

Be your verdict what it may—

Whether stay or go away,

You will always be the starlight of my dreams!

GRANNY LAMORE

Smiling and sweet at our hearthstone sits
Our dearly loved Granny Lamore;
So lightly old age has besieged her wits,
And yet lingers far from her door.
We all hold her dear,
And our only fear
Is that soon we will have her no more.
Oh, Granny Lamore!
Our Granny Lamore!
Our dearly loved Granny Lamore!

No wonder we love her and treasure her so
This dear little Granny Lamore!
For we crave her blessing wherever we go,
And rich is as ever her store.
We all hold her dear,
And our only fear
Is that soon we will have her no more.
Oh, Granny Lamore!
Our Granny Lamore!
Our dearly loved Granny Lamore!

THE PRINCESS MY-OWNIE!

She lives quite apart,
 For her home is my heart,
 And the path to my heart is stony.
 I don't know her name
 So I can't be to blame
 If I call her The Princess My-Ownie!

She is dainty and sweet,
 And whenever we meet
 I shall know her—this Princess My-Ownie.
 Be she brilliant or shy
 No laggard am I,
 And I'll win her, this Princess My-Ownie.

She's the pride of my heart,
 And I love every art
 Of this beautiful Princess My-Ownie!
 Could she but be seen
 I'd make her my queen,
 This dear, danty Princess My-Ownie.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN

A tender fringed blue gentain bloomed out in a
field alone,
And wrapped itself in its sweetness in a beautiful
world of its own;
It stood where the moon shone full in it thro a
mist of silver sheen,
But the tender thing looked down on it, and hid
in its shield of green.

It tendered its homage to earth and sky when the
moon passed from sight,
For well it knew that a kindlier eye looked on
with a kinder light!
And when the king looked down on it and gave
it a golden crown,
The tender thing didn't frown on it, but put on
a pale blue gown.

And then when the moon had tired of itself, and
traveled the wide world o'er
It sought once more the tender thing that bloomed
where it bloomed before.
When next it flooded again the field with a radiant
golden tinge
It saw on the edge of the modest shield a beautiful
pale blue fringe!

The tender thing with the pale blue fringe that
 bloomed in the field alone,
 And wrapped itself in its sweetness in a wonderful
 world of its own,—
 When the king, in love, looked down on it, and
 gave it a golden crown
 Gave of its sweetness the crown of it in a beauti-
 ful way of its own.

>

WHY IS IT SO?

Why leaps the glory to the shrouded heavens?
 Why lingers sadness over dell and dune?
 Why lifts the teardrop from the heart it leavens?
 Why cheers the gladness of a songster's tune?
 Why is it so?

Why is the charm we feel in some one's presence?
 Why is the essence of the fragrant rose?
 Why is that subtle spell whose very essence
 Portrays all else, and nearer, dearer grows?
 Why is it so?

WHERE SLEEPS
THE LION OF THE NORTH

Where sleeps the Lion of the North
The emblem of the world went forth;
It struck the giant on the heel,
But that was made of Bessemer steel!

And at each stroke the sparks would fly,
And settle in the Northern Sky
Where each became a splendid star,
And seven of them made a car!

Another seven made a crown
That then became the giant's own.
And all because that, in the North,
The Lion slept when Strife went forth:

YOU'RE SWEETER BY FAR AS YOU WERE—AS YOU ARE!

There might be a fire in your every desire,
 More tender a gleam in your eye! [cheek,—
 You might now be haughty where you are but
 More pronounced as the years go by; [meek,
 But you're sweeter by far as you were—as you
 Sweeter by far as you are! [are—
 You are sweeter by far as you were—as you are—
 You're sweeter by far as you are!

There might be fire in your every desire,
 But it pleases you never to yield!
 And of your sweet reticence I never tire—
 Be content within modesty's shield!
 For you're sweeter by far as you were—as you
 Sweeter by far My Star! [are,—
 You're sweeter by far as you were—as you are!
 Sweeter by far as you are!

Your meekness is radiance, your tenderness
 Devotion shines forth in your eye! [truth,—
 Your modesty shelters the essence of youth,
 Dearer still as the years go by!

You are sweeter by far as you were—as you
Sweeter by far as you are! [are,—
You're sweeter by far as you were—as you are!
Sweeter by far as you are!



ARYANS

Unheralded they came, and, like a wholesome dew,
Refreshed the earth that needed birth anew.
Their simple pleasures with their simple truth
Alike revealed life's worth to sage and youth.

Unheralded they came, as quietly they went,
But left their own imperishable bent
To holy thought, in holy creed expressed,
As lived today in life lived at its best.

With reverence for God and for Eternity,
And loyalty born of fraternity,
No sacred vision ever traced their need!
They lived their simple faith within their creed.

LOAVES AND LEAVEN

As Faith lies dormant e'er in protoplasm
 But wakes to life each kind within itself,
 Whose first design is but to bridge the chasm
 'Twix Nature's life and Nature's God himself
 So human Life and human Faith between
 The bridge of Love in humankind is seen.

And when in life that bridge of love is breaking,
 Or useless made by hatred, sin, and strife,
 It gives to centuries yet in the making
 A check to impetus in finer, truer life.
 And God himself must silently stand by,
 And see His opportunities pass by.

As God is witness! He rules in His Heaven,
 And we, down here, must rule as best we may.
 Our Faith the meal, our Love for Him the leaven,
 Our nobler impulses the baker's tray.
 The Bread of Life is thus to bridge the chasm,
 And be to life within its protoplasm.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!

'Thou shalt not steal! 'But if the ones who love you
The ones you've promised, under God, to feed
Were hungry, and the ones who were above you
Were smitten by the leprocy called greed;
And all were wanting in the common veal
How would you feel?

'Thou shalt not steal.' But if the needs around you
Had challenged all you, under God, held sound,
And if the poverty you dread had found you
As unprepared as others it had found,—
Say, earnestly my brother, would you feel
It wrong to steal?

Who'd love you still, tho you that law had broken
In just that way? Who'd be secured from sin?
Christ gave His life, of victory a token,
Now budding is the flower He died to win.
Go, lend your aid to leaven all anew,
And to His work be true.

THE MISSTER

The misster in painfully patient mood
Is winnowing Truth from the law of food;
Is winnowing truth from barley and rye,
And stamping its value on pudding and pie.

Is wresting the Truth from rich and poor,
And bringing results to every door.
He opens the purse but shuts the lid
Of wasteful extravagance. Common need

Must needs another outlet find
To free the poor from that horrible grind.
For Poverty's illy misplaced weed
Will sap a nation's life indeed.

The misster winnows from garb and cloth,
From creed and credence, thrift and sloth;
From mirth and gravity, laughter and jest,
Beauty and vanity, idleness, rest.

He wrestles with problems young and old,
And winnows from suffering truths untold.
He winnows Truth from all mankind—
Truth in body, heart, and mind.

WHAT IS IT TO YOU?

What is it to you that the tiny waif who crosses
your path on the street

Has a hollow eye and a hollow chest for want of
something to eat?

What is it to you that the tiny shred is shivering
with the cold?

What is it to you with your hoary head, and your
pockets lined with gold?

What is it to you in your ermine coat, and your
inborn, gentle pride,

And your velvet need that the tender weed who
is shivering at your side,

And has taste and thought, and aim and aught as
tenderly reared as yours?

What is it to you in your gowns and furs, and
your ocean trips and tours?

What is it to you that the slender shield that is
guarding your soul and mine

Is of the same fibre and in the same field as is
that of some one on the Rhine?

What is it to you that the blood once spilled on
the battle field in France

Is part and parcel against His will who is our
nation's lance?

AT FREEDOM'S CALL

So once again we're called upon to view
 The battleground of oldtime pioneers.
 In younger forms they're living up anew—
 A younger generation now our vision cheers.
 And wrinkled brows and rosy faces blend,
 And silver locks o'er tender heads now bend
 Where youthful energy and veneration lend
 Their worthy purpose to a worthy cause.

Fair Liberty is living up anew
 In Lincoln's thought of freedom for the
 And not the liberty of but a chosen few [world;
 Who grasp and hold where Freedom's flag's
 unfurled.
 And busy fingers weave a garment grand
 Within the borders of our own dear land,—
 A garment fashioned by our Father's Hand
 To fit the form of Liberty anew.

It must not be a fetter or a bond;
 It must not be to slay, but well to heal;
 It well may be the lily in the pond,
 But not its slimy occupant, the eel.

The thought of living uppermost in all,
The joy of giving heed to Freedom's call
Will scale as insurmountable a wall
As that of Slavery in sixty one.



GOLD

Wealth condensed has a sordid sound
When deeply buried underground;
But oh, for the joy that wealth may bring
When the happy owner of wealth doth fling
Its radiant rays from a generous heart
To the ones who need it and own it in part!

And oh, for the spirits on radiant wing
When back to that owner of wealth they bring
That deeper treasure of wealth condensed,
That comes from within, and is dimly sensed
By the slumbering soul's own sorrowing heart,
Who loves to deliver it all or in part!

THE QUEST

A man made a finely cemented roof,
 And painted the pile, the warp, and the woof.
 The pillars he wanted he could not find
 For the matter in quest of them was blind;
 But still to his purpose he would cling
 As into the Ocean he hurled the Thing.
 Away out there he sat upon it,
 And it became old Neptune's bonnet,—
 Then he turned it bottom side up,
 And it became old Neptune's cup.

Pride and Fame is the nectar in it,
 And many are they that try to win it.
 Many more will try for the gold
 That good old Neptune has in his hold;
 But the trident that grapples it won't let go,
 And only keeps swinging it to and fro;
 So he holds it for ever and ever in trust,
 For that wonderful trident will not rust.
 Many, to get it, will weather the gale,
 But the Hand that holds it will not fail.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

Said the Cat as he caught her
To the old mouse-king's daughter,
"I'm happy as happy can be;
Delighted to meet you,
And soon I'll eat you—
Now why are you sulky with me?"

"I'm trying to please you,
Play with you, tease you,
And still you refuse to be gay!
I am delighted,
You look affrighted,—
What may the matter be, pray?"

"I've longed for a sight of you,
A taste and a bite of you
E'er since I've been on your trail.
I long for the heart of you,
Love every part of you
From your nose to the tip of your tail."

"Now cheer up, my sweet,
I want something to eat,
You're too near that hole in the floor.
I want you to cry for me,
Love me and die for me—
Confound that old closet door!"

SEPTEMBER'S CHANGE

September days are often fair,
 Its woods are always so;
 Its meadows are alive with rare
 Scents wafted to and fro.

The dell in ever changing hue
 Holds out enchanting hands.
 The silver clouds in azure blue
 Sail over all the lands

That now belong to Judah's Prince,—
 Well fit their crowns His brow!
 He rules, and has ruled ever since
 September heard the vow

Of all Earth's trusting souls, and all
 That wait upon His will;
 And, while responding to their call,
 He whispers—Peace, Be Still.

INVENTION

Sky high and world wide looms today
A thing with a thousand heads.
Neither on earth nor far away
Is aught that the monster dreads.
Nor subtle poison, nor giant strength,
Nor depth, nor height, nor width, nor length,
Nor the powers of earth and sky.

It grows in size as it grows in kind
And no one may bid it stay.
Man's wants and needs it is bound to find,
And none may hinder its sway.
It lessens the distance 'twixt alien lands,
It gives to its workers millions of hands
With tireless skill and care.

World wide and sky high looms today
This thing with its thousand heads.
Neither on earth nor far away
Is aught that Invention dreads.
It tackles the shaft of the deepest mine,
It follows the course of the longest line,
With Progress in its wake.

SIMPLICITY'S OWN

We had a grand wedding right here in town,
For it was, as you must know, Simplicity's own.
The guests came from all parts, from near and
from far,
And each brought a jacket, a gown, and a car.

The widow and orphan were left by the way,
The tramp and the beggar had nothing to say;
For they were not asked to that wedding in
town—
God knows they are not of Simplicity's own!



BEWARE!

Since mock heroics are oft misleading,
And love of power, for want of feeding,
More often looks to the battlefield
To place its name on a nation's shield.

The men who fight and are nearest to it
Have little reason to fear or rue it.
The soulless beings that sent them there,
Without exception, must reap the tare.

VESTALS WAITING

The vestals waiting here today
Some newer tasks are learning,
And leave to others far away
To keep the homefires burning.

And, while in secret vigilance,
Each maid this thought is keeping
That somewhere on the soil of France
The mate she sought is sleeping.

These vestals now with eager hands
Are finer torches lightning,
That, held aloft in other lands,
Will stay the world from fighting.

And, while the men that go and come
Must stoop to bloody revel,
The vestals waiting here at home
Will sweetly find their level.

SORROW'S DAUGHTER

Gloomy the day and dark!
All of her summers are most of them winters,—
Shattered her feelings and crushed into splinters;
Battered and torn into infinite tatters
 All things that matters.
Unhappy shroud of the Ark!

Gloomy the day and bare!
Dire disappointment marking each season,
Wrapping in sorrow and sadness her reason;
Mirth unbelievable shaking her fetters,—
 Lustreless fetters,—
Shall she release it, and dare?

Oh, how she fights!
Others are shielded and tenderly petted,
She is but scoffed at, and waylaid, and fretted;
Harassed indeed with its awfull persistence
 Her very existence!
Sorrowing reaper of blights.

ZENOBIA

As throws the pagan wing of ancient story
 Beyond the centuries a mystic sheen
 About the loyalty, in pagan glory,
 Of fair Zenobia, the noble queen,
 So lifts ideals, from out nearer home,
 A new Zenobia as yet to come!

Whose high and noble worth yet in the making
 Shall outshine even her of ancient name,
 And weave about her, in the centuries waking,
 The garments of imperishable fame.
 This new Zenobia from any source may spring
 But to that first Zenobia's worth she'll cling.



LINES

Her bloom no fragrance wrought,
 Her love no tendrils sought
 That to the future brought
 A shaded Destiny;
 Leaving nor scar nor blot
 On Duty's sacred spot,
 Lending but tender thought
 To her Eternity.

THE MERMAID

A ship slid over the harbor bar,
A beautiful ship it was.
A mermaid sat on the wave afar
And saw the staunch ship pass.

A thousand rainbows glittered on
The spray where the bowsprit dipped;
The Stars and Stripes looked down upon
The spray the mermaid whipped.

The wave where the restless mermaid sat
Grew calm as the ship passed by;
The angry mermaid hissed and spat—
"That sight doth hurt my eye!

I mind me the day of the Spanish Main,
And the day of the Dutchman's Pride!
The Union Jack, and the slaver's chain
When I rode the crimson tide!

Ah,—gladly would I whet my tricks,
And gladly would I call
A thousand maids with lamps and wicks
To see that masthead fall!

And gladly would I yield my crown,
And all my jewels rare
If I could see that ship go down
Among the boulders there!"

The ship sped proudly on its way
Away from the distant shore.
The mermaid in fury lashed the spray,
And was seen again no more.



THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

When God clears the clearinghouse by and by
We may love to deal with it, you and I,
But woe betide us all till then
While we live in a clearinghouse run by men!

When the oldtime habit with cooties in it
Has worn itself down to the manhood within it,
That suffers and hides itself in shame
From the something within it without a name,

And the blighted being who hovers near him,
Whom God has put here to love and cheer him
Have turned again into angels of light
We may know the clearinghouse rules are right.

STRATEGY

I viewed my enemies, Hate, Fear, and Doubt,
All to be conquered, or be put to rout.
And Disappointment met me face to face,
Its great apparent power was my disgrace.

Hate came out slow! So cautious his attack,—
With all my power I barely held him back.
But now I'm glad I bade him enter in!
The only thing that now I hate is—Sin.

The giant Fear I conquered with a smile!
That was the only weapon worth my while.
And now I walk with Fear the whole day long,—
The thing that most I fear is—To do wrong.

Then there was Doubt! He seemed the worst of all.
Doubt looked immense, and I so very small.
He seemed so vast, that dreadful foe of mine,
He almost made me doubt all things Divine.

But I have conquered! I have found him out.
No more I dread that awful monster Doubt;
And where I doubted others now I doubt but one,
That is myself, Of other doubts I've none.

On Disappointment I base my claims
To greater effort, and to higher aims;
And find those efforts were not made in vain,
For what appeared my loss has proved my gain.

Now all these warring factors are at peace,
And strife within my little world may cease.
With Strategy my Minister of State
I feel secure as to my kingdom's fate.

Now Hate, Fear, Doubt, and Disappointment I
view
As vassals all, for they are staunch and true;
They do my bidding and I treat them well,—
They never knew I conquered, never knew they
fell.

REALMS OF THOUGHT

In this noisy world
There are times when we would
Get away from ourselves, and God if we could.
But no innermost segment of purpose of thought
In regions above, below, or within,
Can ever be hidden by bustle or din
From Him who these regions with loving care
And within Himself has them whorled. [wrought,

Their center is God;
Their uttermost boundary Him.
Their every fiber, and substance, and dream.
Whatever the garment enclosing a Thought,
Whatever the emblem embodying it,
Or whatever flame that ardent mind lit,—
They all are of Him, mind, substance, and thought.
The centre and substance is—God.

When Thought is at rest
We stagnate; we may linger on.
Tho progress is halted, and life itself gone,
The Thought of The Universe ever abides
In the Mind it embodies, and shelters, and feeds;
And other minds, lesser and lesser It breeds.
The mind is the substance where Thought matter
But its Crown and its Essence is—Rest. [hides,

TO A WANDERER

Stay, Wanderer, why such a reckless race
 With your threescore years and ten?
 Why hurry along at that dangerous pace?
 Soon the race will be over—What Then?
 You're footsore and weary, and tired and worn,—
 All the world you are leaving behind.
 Your garments are dusty. One more forlorn
 Methinks 'twould be hard to find.

That scar on your forehead! How came it there?
 Was it gotten in drunken brawl?
 Or is it the hallmark of one who would dare
 To obey stern Duty's call?
 Or is it the dent of the iron safe
 That shows the treasure secure?
 But if its sting shows the flagrant knave
 The stain you cannot cure.

Those sloping shoulders—What made them thus
 To bend as the race you run?
 Was it work, or worry, or fear, or fuss,
 Or the thoughtless glitter of fun?
 Your face! It is aged and wrinkled and worn,
 The emblem of many a fray;
 Does it shelter a spirit battered and torn,
 Or a bettering ram of pay?

Or is it the shield of a kindly heart
 So creased and furrowed by Time,
Where wrinkles and heartaches form a part,
 Or the truce of an unfriendly clime?
But if your race is not all of you
In worth and valor and grace;
And if your heart is not good and true
 You cannot gain in the race.



'NEATH FOREIGN SKIES

We love to think the folks at home are brave!
We all know what we'll meet across the wave!
'Neath foreign skies, and of all else bereft,
We've learned the value of the land we left.

We love the Frenchman for his Madelon!
We love her for her beauty, wit, and song!
But in our hearts we proudly bend the knee
To each his lassie far beyond the sea.

'Neath foreign skies we may not linger long,
For soon the Right must triumph over Wrong.
May Liberty as proudly rear her dome
When you and I. and Harry Jones come home!

BEAR IN MIND THE TRIALS HERE

Bear in mind the trials here,—
Ask The Saviour to be near!
Lighten some one's burden now,
Be a sunbeam as you go.

Bear in mind the trials here,
Ask The Saviour to be near;
Then the burdens higher up
Will be lessened at the top.

Dream not of forbidden things
Like the penitent who clings
To the sins that caused his fall,—
Go and leave them one and all!

Bear in mind the trials here,
Ask The Saviour to be near;
For the burdens higher up
Must be lessened at the top.

Angel forms are now at work,
And their burdens may not shirk.
What may be their part today
Of Earth's sins to wrest away?

Bear in mind the trials here,—
Ask The Saviour to be near;
Then the burdens higher up
Shall be lessened at the top.



LIFE'S MIRRORS

We mirror The Creator in our life
When we to Life's sweet simple dignity give heed;
And find its secret in the simple creed
That He, who died on Golgatha, in life proclaimed,
When all were loved, and only deeds were blamed
Whose garb was woe, and habitation strife.

Love is another name for Life
When Death becomes an enemy of Strife.

As is the virgin forest on a calm
Sweet summer day reflected in the cool
Clear waters of the mountain pool,—
To other eyes and not their own—
Sweet, tender eyes, that never know a frown—
So life is mirrored as a healing balm
When Love becomes our creed,
And we to life's sweet, simple dignity give
[heed.

KEEP AT THE HELM!

I saw a vision bright,—
A white winged being, I,
On undimmed shores alight
Under an undimmed sky.

Methought I felt the peace
Of white Eternity!
Just where the floodgates cease
Of bright Eternity.

A bright light without glare,
A haven without blight,
A fine surcease from care,
Where all known things are right.

Upon that undimmed shore
I felt my vision blur;
My eyes could see no more,
And I lost sight of her

Who should have been my guide,
That white winged being, I,—
Earth shadows at my side,
Earth shadows passed me by.

But still on earthborn shore
I feel my spirit thrill;
And memory evermore
Beside those waters still

Doth linger. Lest awhile
Earth shallows overwhelm,
And earthly shoals beguile—
Dear God! Keep at the helm.



TOMMY'S TROUBLES

Tommy has troubles, he's less than three,
And bright and loving, and full of glee,
And has only just begun
To find that a tumble now and then,
Tho painful, forgotten will be again
In a trail of laughter and fun.

He is learning his letters one by one,
He is learning them all as part of his fun,
And his patience is put to the test;
But after each failure he tries again,
And sweetly forgets them now and then,
Tho he always does his best.

His mother is gentle, and loving, and kind,
 And sweetly but firmly makes him mind
 As all little boys should do;
 But sometimes his troubles will overflow,
 And tears will come,—For don't you know!
 He needs to be good and true.

And this can come only by slow degrees,
 And little by little he learns to please
 Himself, and others as well.
 He'll live to learn, that a heart of gold
 Is worth far more than riches untold,
 For its value none can tell.

He scatters his playthings all around,—
 When he wants his doll it is not to be found,
 But somehow they all come to light;
 For some one is constantly in his wake,
 To love him, and comfort him, and to make
 His own little self seem right.

He is blowing bubbles of brilliant hue—
 They delight him, and please him, and burst it is
 But are none the less true to him; [true,
 For he finds in each glittering, glistening dome
 A truly delightful rainbow brought home
 That caters to every whim.

He's troubled to find that each is true
To its law of bursting as they go
 From the little bowl of clay.
He tries to catch them, one and all,
And finds that each strangely beautiful ball
 Will suddenly melt away.

He knows how to creep, and run, and walk,
But is only slowly learning to talk,
 And his tongue makes many a slip.
He is one of the many who just begin
To learn that in order to live and win
 On this common Earthly trip

We love each moment in its own way,
And make of the many a real day
 As part of a common plan.
The best we can do is to learn in youth
To follow the path of virtue and truth,
 As I know Tommy can.

For nothing is ever hidden so deep
In tenderly guarded mind asleep
 As to be out of reach
Of one who is teacher, and friend, and guard,
And Tommy's struggle, tho long and hard,
 Will a sweeter lesson teach.

He will scatter bubbles to and fro,
 And watch them burst, as others do,
 Till he is a man fullgrown;
 Then he'll turn from lesser toys
 To sing to sweet little girls and boys
 He proudly calls his own.

Our Tommy is onesided still, we know,
 As presents, this Christmas, a goodly row,
 He found on the Christmas tree.
 Tho he scatters these presents all around
 The joy of giving is safe and sound
 Asleep in the Christmas tree.

He plays with animals, cat and bear,
 Devoid of skin, and bones, and hair,
 And finds them sadly untrue.
 But, out of the scanty playroom tale,
 Kindness to animals, tender and pale,
 Methinks may be reared,—Don't you?

His loves to play horse, and his ardent plea
 Is to be the driver, and truly be
 Master of whip and rein;
 But a sudden plunge makes Tommy sore,—
 He stops playing horse for an hour or more,
 And a different Tommy is seen.

For after each fall he'll turn to grieve,
And one of his troubles is now to perceive,
 The hidden truth in a fall;
For pleasure is often a dangerous trail,
And moaning and fretting of little avail
 In turning to sweetness life's gall.

He sings to buttons, and needle, and spool,
And finds the needle a dangerous tool,
 Unless held by a careful hand.
He strings the buttons one by one,
And thinks when the last white thing is on
 Of himself as truly grand.

He holds up the string with chubby hands,
For the knot is firm that holds the strands
 Secure from his rollicking touch.
And, tho he shakes it again and again,
He cannot shake it to peices, but then—
 It does not matter much.

For his childish troubles in childish plays
Are turning his bent in other ways,
 Of use to him as a man.
And you and I, if we truly try,
May pass our wearisome troubles by
 As sweetly as Tommy can.

And Tommy's troubles, and Tommy's joys,
Are only the common ones girls and boys
 Encounter on Life's High Road.
And, whether they stumble, laugh, or fall,
They'll learn at last that the common call
 Is to carry each one his load.

And Tommy is happy as he can be
When he finds himself untrammelled and free
 In a lesson that reads like this:—
Do unto others as ye would
Others in kindness would and should
 Do unto you! and miss

So much of a common sorrow and care
That all encounter. And who shall dare
 Deny our Tommy is true
Only when once he has learned to forget
That he is neither baby, plaything, nor pet,
 But a human being like you!

Tommy makes blunders. He shouts with glee
When he counts his fingers, one—two—three,—
 And haltingly stops at four;
But memory does not forget its pet,
And next time he tries he does better yet,
 And leaves then as never before

A place for tenderer seeds to sprout
As Tommy's reasoning powers come out,
 That need to be tended well;
For the Way of Life is the Way of Truth,
And this must needs be learned in youth
 As The Beautiful Book will tell.

Some of his troubles are—getting teeth,
As, pushing aside each tender sheath,
 They render their services free
To a little man in a little way,
That hasn't so very much to say
 When he is less than three.

They help him talk—he doesn't know why!
They bite into apple, candy, or pie,
 And sing a song of pain!
But Tommy's mother is wiser than he,
And makes them respond to a common plea,
 And sing in a sweeter strain.

His teeth are healthy, and white as pearls,
And mamma's delight, as are Tommy's curls,
 And his cheeks are roses fullblown.
But pearls of Truth are hard to find,
Tho they gleam and glisten in Tommy's mind
 E'er he is a man fullgrown.

His taste asks for sweets. They may not make
him sick,
But if freely indulged in it may prove a trick
To fetter or hamper his will;
Unless each tender impulse is properly led,
And Nature's own darling is nourished and fed
In a wiser manner still.

What matters if Tommy be rich or poor,
If health be lost there is nothing more
For him to truly enjoy;
For to my mind there is nothing as true
To its own purpose, old or new,
As a happy, healthy boy.

And so in play, in work, in sport,
In clean exertion of any sort,
Our Tommy will hold his own,
When he has exchanged his childhood play,
And reached a firmer and surer way,
And he is a man fullgrown.

He scrawls his letters, A and O,
And sweetly laughs when he fails to do
Each letter straight and true;
But if he sees order in little things,
As parts of beautiful unseen wings
I think he sees straight! Don't you?

If he learns to know of cats and dogs,
Horses and cows, and trees and logs
 As part of Nature's duty,
A lily's chalice, a lily's stalk,
A human hand and a box of chalk,
 As things of living beauty,

He may live to learn that a pen of steel
Is mightier weapon than prow or keel
 As part of the life of a Nation.
And if he sings to land and plow,
And horses and cows, as he does now,
 And adorns a lowlier station

He still may wield the power of Truth,
And sing to Labor in vigor of Youth,
 Defying the ravage of Age.
Of other objects our Tommy sings
To in hidden beauty in Common Things
 We'll tell on a different page.

He may sing to pleasure, honor, or pelf,
And when his manhood asserts itself
 He may sing to all of the three.
He must have pleasure, the right kind of thing.
A powerful mind must widen its ring,
 And yet be found loyal and free.

THE IMMIGRANT

Happy to brave
Turbulent wave.

Stranger on shore,
Nothing more.

Selling for pelf
All but himself.

Unfailing test—
Integrity's best.

One in his station
Saviour of Nation,

One of his mind—
Hope of mankind.

HAD I THE WINGS!

Had I the wings that I long for
I'd laugh at the great divide,
And not even give a song for
A twentieth-century limited ride.

I'd see the land of Ramona,
Niagara and The Lakes,
And way down in Arizona
See petrified woods and snakes.

I'd see fair nature's arena
'Twixt Halifax and Saguenay,
And way down in Pasadena
Pick roses on Christmas Day.

And then, by a north wind driven,
I'd see earth's wonderful dam
That now has been cleft and riven
By our powerful Uncle Sam.

I'd take a flight down to Cuba,
And the black man's paradise too;
The wheatfields of Manitoba,
The ink lake of Idaho.

I'd search the caves of Kentucky
 For glistening stalactites,
 And then perhaps, were I lucky,
 See other wonderful sights.

I'd make the mound of Ohio
 Their wonderful secrets yield;
 Roam thro the lands of the banjo,
 And rest in a bluegrass field.

Or make the Eskimaux land my goal,—
 The land of harpoon and hook;
 And take a trip to the North Pole,
 And vie with Peary and Cook.

I'd see the monument on Bunker Hill,
 The wonderful Palisades,
 With Liberty's statue my eyes I'd fill,
 And light in the Everglades.

Yes, from the land of Priscilla
 I'd soar to the western coast,
 And of a trip to Manila
 Perhaps I'd make a boast.

I'd see all that is worth the seeing
From crater to coral reef;
I'd see the antelopes fleeing,
The city of pork and beef.

I'd see all that is worth the seeing
In this wonderful land of ours,
From where icebergs come into being,
To the bloom of the southern bowers.

I'd wing my way to Alaska,
And view the goldfields at Nome,
See bears at Lake Athabasca,
And then,—perhaps I'd go home

And tell a wonderful story
Of mountain, prairie, and sea,
From scenes bathed in western glory
To the home of the chickadee.

And I'm sure I'd see the sights of
This wonderful land of ours,
And know all the dear delights of
Both glaciers and fragrant bowers.

SPICES

A friend of mine is justly proud
Of the things on her pantry shelf;
The names of the spices, she avowed,
She could not remember herself.

I know it for truth, and I saw the array,
And for me also a task
Not for a minute, an hour, but a day,
And the questions I'd have to ask.

Spices and condiments,—every kind
Required by a careful cook
For a wellspread board, that hand and mind
Could find at a single look.

I thought to myself as I saw her work
"It is well they must be what they are!
Salt must be salt, and stopper and cork
Keep the flavor of powder and bar.

Just think if pepper should want to be sour,
And sugar should wish to be salt!
And each had its way, the will, and the power,
The cook would be sadly at fault.

And poor plain salt should tire of itself
And lose its power to salt!
What a mess there would be on that pantry
Would any one be at fault? [shelf,—

No wonder things do not go right at all
In the human spicebox today,
Where most of the short people wish to be tall,
And sad ones want to be gay.

And each is trying to hide himself
Behind what he wants to appear;
And cannot get off from the common shelf,
And cannot get rid of his fear

That others may know what is plain to be seen!
This is what the matter is:
Each tries to hide he is clean or mean,
And goes on in foolish bliss.

This world is a spicebox, and you and I
Have our uses, each one of his sort;
Just think if you who are noble and high
Should just be a common sport!

And I not be salt when I feel that I am,
What a worthless thing I'd be!
A thing for which He could find no name—
The teacher of Galilee.

AN APPEAL

Calm flowed the river above the dam,
 Not a ripple its surface stirred
 Save those round a tiny boat that swam
 Like a helpless, whitewinged bird.
 But the planks in the dam were strong and stout,
 And the boatman knew what he was about,
 And smiling and peaceful the shore.

The birds in the bushes, the flowers on the
 And the smiling summer sky [bank,
 With its tiny clouds charmed me. I drank
 In the beauty of earth and sky;
 But the man in the boat did not feel that way,
 The air made him drowsy—try as he may
 He could not keep awake.

No danger of drifting. One could not drift
 Thought the man who had never a fear [far
 But that all things were right! They always
 When the Tempter is drawing near. [are
 So a something he drew with care from the hold
 Of the boat. A something some demon sold,
 And, reader, you know the rest.

None knew how it happened, but over the
Went the boat while the boatman slept, [falls
Who will never again hear the childish calls,
Nor see where the children wept.

He was a good man and a loving one,
And how much they miss him now he is gone
His wife alone may know.

We all think we are strong, God knows we are
But the strongest are those who fear [not,
To play with the tempter, but check on the
Any harm to the ones most dear. [spot
But visions are blurred, and wills go astray;
The tempter is near,—Is he ever away?
And danger seems far away.

God pity the wife and child of a man
With no manhood, wherever he be!
Who, though bound with the fetters inemper-
Bind with, still thinks he is free. [ance can
Shall you of today swell that number? Shall you,
In spite of the many of you who are true,
Aid such slavery? Never! I know.

SHEPHERD OF THE FLOCK!

Shepherd of the flock, Redeemer,
Why the dimness of the skies?
Jesus of the flock, Redeemer,
Why the tears that flood our eyes?

Shadow of the Cross is o'er us!
Help us out from off its doom.
Spread its brightness out before us,
Clustered now in ancient gloom.

Darkly o'er the earth is spreading
The full measure of our woe.
Why the din? The torture treading?
Why the sadness as we go?

God's fair world needs no redemption;
We alone have gone astray.
Grant from folly our exemption!
Hear us, Savior, now we pray.

PERSPECTIVES

With blemish of faith,
And blemish of trait,
And blemish of sinful soil
No wonder the clown
Is deriding the gown,
And blasphemers purloin the toil;
No wonder the sloth
Is deriding the cloth,—
The wick cannot burn without oil.

With faith that endures,
And shrivels all lures,
And subtly enriches the soil
No wonder the creed
That meets every need
Engenders each separate coil;
No wonder the man
Who does all he can
Is doubly enriched by the toil.

THE EARTH'S LAMENT

A demon rose from out an empty sea,
And chartered all the evil within me.
With preconceived thought it havoc wrought,
Rendering that holy which men fought.
Pregnant with sadness it encompassed all,
Causing the scourge of nations, and the good man's
fall.

"Tis said 'twas not of me! It was concealed from
heaven!

For all this trough of woe where is the leaven?
Man barter The Redeemer's costly pearls
For flimsy pleasurings with wanton girls.
For filtered sadness that the poor fools seek
Give them repentant tears upon a modest cheek.

In everlasting Truth his own regrets are hidden,
And must confront his soul, and come unbidden
As lightly held achievement in sinfull pleasure
Reacts upon his soul in twofold measure:—
Lamenting this I do lament it all,
The scourge of nations and the good man's fall.

First,—in the habit of ungoverned passion
That tends to shrink the garb ideals fashion!
Ideals are his own true selves let loose,
That also fit his soul when in repose.
Second,—in poisoned thought within the other,—
The sinless soul of his own weaker brother.



THE BORDERLANDS OF INIQUITY

The border lands of Iniquity
In a lowly sphere are everywhere;
On a higher plane you're safe and sane
Within the bounds of Integrity.

The border lands of Iniquity
Where the extreme low has far to go,
To the extreme high is always nigh
At the border land of Indignity.

The border lands of Iniquity
Are spreading their hands o'er all the lands;
Their boundaries go to high and low,
But never o'erlap Eternity.

THE DEATH OF THE VILLAGE DOCTOR

The doctor is dead.
The birds are singing as before
Overhead;
The bees are hurrying to the hive
Just the same as when he was alive.
Flowers are blooming side by side
Just as they did before he died.
Everybody, rich and poor,
Resents Death's call at the doctor's door.
Why was he taken? He never frowned
At any pain a body owned.
Gone where he finds a better start
In the place prepared for the pure in heart.
Tested and trusted,—true to the core.



THE BEAGLE

With feathers plucked from the eagle's chest
The scarecrow Europe feathers its nest;
To far dominions its nations sail
On feathers plucked from the eagle's tail.
And bolshevism, between the two,
May get the scarecrow and eagle too.

THE TREATY

The Allie's centripetal force,
The German's centrifugal motion,
Are each neither better nor worse
Than the other, for sad locomotion.

The big four are saying "You must!"
And to it the big four are holding.
The world stands astounded, aghast,
As the Treaty of Peace is unfolding.

The Germans decline to assume
Such hideous, harsh obligations;
The Allies fidget and fume,
And put on some more regulations.

We, justly, may call it a Treaty of Hate,
And vastly defunct in its meaning
Incepting corruption in county and state,
And heinous indeed in its gleaning.

What is it they fight for in China and Hell
If not for a world desolation?
The Allies are learning the secret so well
In serving the horrid collation

That never a dewdrop of love
May enter the throats now a-thirsting.
A Treaty of Peace! Ah,—the dove
Has no mission. Its sad heart is bursting!



COME UNTO ME!

Come unto Me all ye who are
Not yet set free—from near, from far!
Come, heavy laden, one and all,
I'll give ye aid and hear your call!

Come unto Me ye sin oppressed,
I'll set you free, and give you rest!
My yoke is easy, burden light,
Your soul's release is My delight!

Come, learn My law, it is the best!
It has no flaw, 'twill give you rest!
Love's whole decree at My behest,
As all of Me, will deem you blessed!

TO THE ALLIES

Ye blinded idiots! Can ye not see
Ye give men license and not liberty.
Within your treaty half the world will smother!
Before the year is out 'twill want another.
Another bloody deal! Another shameless pact!
And History will doublecross the act.

TO A DANDELION

Who gave you verdure, life and light?
Who made your diadem so bright?
Who serrated your leaflets so?
Who told your rootlets where to go
To find the lustre of your cup?
Who taught your petals to look up?
Who told you how to look on high
To greet your brother across the sky?

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

"Thou full moon, retreat under cover!
 Thou searest the heart of a lover!
 Go, hide under canopies dotted with stars,
 And keep a poor mortal from showing his scars."

"Then lily and lilac and clover,
 When our little love dream is over,
 Then all of those memories tender and true
 Will fade with the moonlight from out of our
 view."

The moon found its way under cover,
 But seared was the heart of the lover.
 A long train of memories tender and true
 Remained when the full moon had faded from
 view.

When lily and lilac and clover
 Had faded the heart of the rover
 Had found that those memories hidden from view
 Were part of himself, and he had to be true!

A BARNYARD LAY

A goose and a gander
Were destined to wander
Out on the kings highway.
The weather was fine,
The hour was ten,
"This hour is mine"
Cried the speckled hen;
And her "Cut-a-ca-dak!
You'll never come back,"
Reached the two passing out thro the gate.

The goose and the gander
Had started to wander
Out on the king's highway.
The speckled hen
On her stolen nest
Spied them again,
And lifted her crest;
Then "Cut-a-ca-dak!
You'll never come back!"
Cried that tiresome old speckled hen.

But the goose and the gander
Still wanted to wander
In spite of the speckled hen.

When a load of hay
 On the king's high road
 Came near, the "I tha-a-y"
 Of the geese was no good;
 And the "Cut-a-ca-dak,
 You'll never come back!"
 That came from the speckled hen

Were the last sounds the gander
 Who started to wander
 Out thro the barnyard gate
 Was destined to hear,
 For the load of hay
 As it drew near
 On the king's highway,
 Ere the shrillvoiced hen
 Was heard again,
 Sent the cartwheels over his head.

When the silly gander
 Had ceased to wander
 The goose heard over again:—
 "His wit was too short,
 And his neck was too long,—
 He's spoiled for sport,
 He's spoiled for song;
 So, cut-a-ca-dak,
 He'll never come back!"
 From that meddlesome speckled hen,

THE SONG OF THE SPECKLED HEN

When our optimistic gander,
Striking out on unknown trails,
With characteristic candor

Won't admit his mission fails,—
Speckled hens forget the laying
Of just ancient timeworn eggs;
They may even go a-flaying
Gentlemanly, trusted yeggs.

When I see the wasted billions
That our warlords shovel forth;
When I see the rolling millions
Of the Negroes coming North;
When I see the black man's folly
Perch upon the white man's greed
As an unassuming Polly
I'm a pessimist indeed.

When I see the hangman's lever
Keeping deathwatch on the Rhine;
See the constitution sever
From the flag its countersign;

See the statesmen playing havoc
With the so-called Nation's League
I would like to play like havoc
With political intrigue.

When I see the slender purses
Stretched to cover hungry broods;
When I hear the muttered curses
Of the workers' varying moods,
And I see our country's danger
In its optimistic views
I confess I am a stranger
To all colors but the blues.

When I see the cruel justice
Of an armored centipede
Turned into a dire injustice
To all humankind in need
I believe the common kindness
We here boast of day by day
Should replace the stubborn blindness
That we practise far away.

When I read, in ancient story,
Of democracy of old
I can see its doubtful glory
Turn to misery untold.

In a nation ruled by masses,
And the masses ruled by mobs,
No security for classes
Can be found tho Justice sobs.

When I see young habits forming
Against ancient heritage,
And, that massive stronghold storming,
Start to break the coming age;
When I see a nation's beacon,
Truth and Justice, put to rout,
See them totter, judge and deacon,
I'm master hand at—doubt.

When I see the daily manna
Just let down for playful use,
Like an overripe banana,
Stored away for future use
I am somewhat of a skeptic—
Ripe bananas do decay,—
That the modern antiseptic
To earth's rottenness, will pay.

When I see the mottled sinews
Of our manhood in the dust;
When I see the good within us
Blossom out in common lust

I can see no fun in joking
Over pitfalls set by men
Given to optimistic cloaking,—
I am pessimistic then.

When I see the poor man tugging
At a bit of blank despair,
And its gall and wormwood hugging
Him like a feroceous bear
I can see the tusks a-growing
Of our useless elephant,
Who, while better seeds we're sowing,
Tramples down each tender plant.

When I see our Earth's Gehenna,
Where a tribe of weaklings breed,
Given a sugared pellet when a
Purging essence is the need;
When the clown absorbs the scepter,
And the madman wields the fuse,
And the jester reads the chapter
Meant for ablatory use

I can feel our cables slacken,
For our Ship of State, adrift,
Cannot anchor where we blacken
Waters where the quicksands sift.

Little use to point out dangers
Foolish mortals will not see!
Wisdom's words and fools are strangers
To each other—slaves or free.



CONTRASTS

A deacon rose in church with revered mien,
(I wish his inside face you could have seen)
And called upon the Lord in phrases many;
(His real thoughts were hardly worth a penny)

A little angel sang up in the choir,
Her little heart aflame with righteous ire;
She saw alone the deacon's hoarded gold
When he to God his many wants had told.

We tell our wants to a just God in vain
If with indifference we look on others pain.
It matters not if prayers are few or many
If we but help the poor with pound and penny.

AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW

When I see earth's hidden treasures,
 One by one, brought out for use,
 See the cleaner, healthful pleasures
 That our youths not now refuse,
 When I see earth's fair endeavor
 Feed its sacrificial flame,
 And the proud in heart forever
 Banished from its fair domain

I can see God's shining acres,
 Fair and fertile, loom in sight;
 And the death-demanding breakers
 Lie revealed in earthborn light.
 And a newer, finer era
 Dawns upon our future ken,—
 Well within that selfsame era
 I'm an optimistic hen.

Earth's fair form, and God's fair garden
 Each upon the selfsame spot,
 Lie revealed. God is the warden,
 Of the dear, delightful spot.
 Garden spot of all creation
 Is our gentle, newborn Earth;
 Cleansed from all that bars fruition,
 Gentle, fragrant, fertile Earth!

'STEENTH STREET LET LOOSE

When our haberdasher-general,
Massachusetts in repose,
Saw the hoodlumism-in-general
One September day let loose
Old Dame Boston showed a sample
Of what anarchy may do,
And she saw her hoodlums trample
Down her ancient customs too.

All authority was dozing,
All the heads thereof were free
To go out of town bulldoozing
Faithful citizens like me.
And the watchdogs of the city,
When they saw each wellfed buck
Out a-sporting, all took pity
On themselves and quickly struck.

All the wolves and cubs and foxes,
All the grizzleys in their lairs,
Started to demolish boxes
Singlehanded, or in pairs.
Nothing was left unmolested
By these vermin on a spree,
Bad as ever yet infested
Even shameless old Paris.

I am glad I am a member
Of earth's proud hypothenuse,
Where we, each and all, remember
That our faithful flag of truce
Must not lose its regal whiteness
By such shameless acts as these;
Law-and-order's shining brightness
Is the heritage of Peace.



IN PASSAGE

Just a slender bird of passage
Guided by earth's Morning Star!
Just a stranger with a message
Passing out beyond the bar.

Just the loving and the giving
Is enough Oh Lord for me!
But the incidents of living
Shed their glory over me.

REVERBERATIONS

Poetic aspirations are the tests
Of higher denizens in higher art
That do reach down to where the Godhead rests,
The deepest recesses within the human heart.
The Way, the Truth, the Life, of which The
Saviour speaks
Is there revealed as what the earnest seeker seeks.
I could not write like this were it not given
As highest impulse from a highest Heaven.
I sought, and found, in Truth majestic light
That scatters radiance through Earth's darkest
night.

I saw the righteous trampled in the dust
In shameless contrast to our high ideals,
And could not see wherein to put our trust
Except within the strongholds of these same
ideals;
And, seeking those, I found the hidden spring
That light and life to future ages bring.
Revealing, as they do, earth's fitfull mission
They find within themselves a clearer vision
In all things that pertain to love and light,
And help bewildered mortals to live Life aright.

We can not falter in our royal march
If we go hand in hand with them at starting,
And though within ourselves we sometimes parch
We're holding on to them e'en at the final parting.
The person's parting from the person's shell
Will leave the personality in hell
Unless there be a full and free surrender
Of our own souls to God, with Truth as legal
tender.

Then Justice stands appeased in its retreat
Behind The Throne of God, The Mercy Seat.



“GOOD MORNING”

“Good morning, sweet day,
What have you to say
To a little bird flying,
And a little girl crying?”

“There’s a cloud in the sky,
It is floating on high!
There’s a bee in the clover,
And sunshine all over!”

SILHUETTES

In the days when Autumn lingers
Over recent summer views,
And with swift majestic fingers
Spreads majestic autumn hues,
And the birds at twilight linger
Under eaves the woods hold out
Then the erstwhile silent singer
Sings what others dream about.

Looms the blackness of the ages
Over ages yet to come
Other hands for higher wages
Work until earth's work is done;
Ancient fields in ancient story
Show the work these hands have wrought;
Like the autumn tints of glory
Ages bring what ages brought.

Autumn winds are swiftly sweeping
Out the havoc Death has wrought;
All the silent, bitter weeping
Bows before the higher thought
That earth's regime of Sorrow,
Fostered by earth's inborn woe,
Levels out each coming morrow,—
One the furrow, one the hoe.

Little wanderers by the wayside
 Love the path where humans tread,
 And the wavelets by the bayside
 Love their silent, rocky bed
 Just because the human nearness,
 And the hidden sympathy,
 Brings about the perfect clearness
 Of the little verb—to be.

Angels deem it worth the effort
 To unite the hidden springs,
 Coupled with the human effort
 We reveal in common things,
 Lies the everlasting fountain
 Of the Godhead's living spring.
 Then to valley and to mountain
 Doth the loving Godhead cling.

One must dovetail with the other,
 Willing human deeds with those
 That for lack of help may smother
 Where our frightful harvest grows;
 Humble heart and nimble finger
 Of the human at his best,—
 And the angels love to linger
 With humanity at rest.

ISABELLA OF SPAIN

She knew not of the wealth her jewels brought.
She knew not of the glorious vision caught
By him who begged for active sympathy,
Nor of the still more glorious reality.

He begged, and did not beg in vain;
First of his God, then of the Queen of Spain,
He prayed. And as his prayer was heard
Emotions of a deeper kind were stirred.

She had been taught, while yet in early youth,
To step aside from what resembled Truth.
When, with the king, she listened to the plea
Of the poor wanderer from sea to sea

She rose superior to mortal mannered view,
And followed her good heart in what was true.
As timely aid her valued treasures brought
A timely anchor for his hopes she wrought.

Life is a theme more glorious than we,
As fully fettered human minds, can see.
We dream not of the worth of deeds we do
Until the fetters loosen as we humbly go

Beyond ourselves. And in a wider sphere
 Note the fair tendencies to others dear.
 God-given minds are worth god-given thought,
 And with her jewels a new world she bought.



WIT

Wit is a priceless thing when rightly used,
 But withers all things when it is abused.
 It shelters harmony in its capacious pocket,
 And is the miniature within the locket.



A FAIR EXCHANGE

A turn and a twist
 Of an educated wrist,
 And the molar came out of its socket;
 With motion as swift
 As that pain set adrift
 A dollar came out of my pocket.

EFFORT AND ENDEAVOR

Said Effort to the mildly made Endeavor:—
"Now, what's the use of your just being clever?
You just look on, and let the humbugs brew!
If I were you I would get up and—do."

Then answered he unto his hotter mate:—
"Methinks your flurry is a little late;
If you think all the world in such a stew
Why don't you, Effort, just get up and—do?"

I do not know just how the matter ended,
For Effort by Endeavor must be tended;
And Effort and Endeavor headed wrong
Will make the path of Error wide and long.

And wisdom's way by bulky Error hidden
Will find Wisdom itself sick and bedridden.
When wisdom's rarer flowers in secret bloom
The path of Error ends in sudden gloom.

AS IT IS WRITTEN

The harlot Havoc, Greed's voluptuous mate,
Sets up her throne within both church and state.
And with her two assessors, Wealth and Passion,
Does her pernicious work in fame and fashion.

Lusts are her daughters, a rebellious set!
A string of vipers, though but half-grown yet.
And if their venomous fangs are not extracted.
The horrors of the Earth must be protracted.



EZEKIEL

He put himself in his own soul's keeping,
And trusted that soul for his final reaping.



DANIEL

He looms so large in the eastern sky,—
A beacon light for the passer by.

SARCASM

A useless weed, made
harmful by its presence
Where dignity is part
of life's florescence;
It harbors illwill even
at its best,
And poor humanity is better off
without its horrid test.

WORSHIP

Our thoughts are our temples, whose altars are
deeds;
The incense examples, the flames are our needs.

When offerings falter our altars decay;
We build other altars by needs of today.

We priests are in danger as never before
If we to each stranger unhinge not the door.

The light, sometimes cruel, is Holy Desire;
Each deed is a jewel when purged in its fire.

THE ALTAR OF BAAL

Men builded an altar, and put thereon
A craven image, a bald icon.

They added their wit, their it, and their ism,
And called it all Americanism.

They gloried in their needless despair,
And the sorrowing idol put on hair.

They bowed before that altar of shame,
And gave it a proud celestial name.

Its rumored wisdom was set afloat,
And gave the idol a splendid coat.

Then something within the altar burst
And Bolshevism came out first.

Pure Autocracy came out next
And gave its hearers a golden text.

The text was given in accents many,—
It did not trouble its hearers any:—

The priests that danced about the altar
Singing their hideous, sinful psalter.

When will it come,—with its real merit,—
The truly regal American Spirit?



DAWNINGS

When the ruler and the people
Walk together hand in hand,
And the schoolhouse and the steeple
For the same religion stand,
And the mysticism surrounding
Death and Life has cleared away
We are ready for the sounding
Of the depths of common clay.

We, at present, are beginning
A new era, a new Day.
Matter against Spirit sinning
Keeps the spirit light at bay;
Yet, the searchlight will not fail us,
For the keepers at their posts
Will reveal what may assail us
All along the unknown coasts.

Let them murmur at the parting
Of the spirit from the clay!
They can not prevent the starting
Or that spirit on its way.
Untold eons, untold ages,
In their mystical array,
Are the rulers, are the sages,
We—receptacles of clay.

When the Spirit serves The Master
In the matter, in the mind,
We are myrrh and alabaster,
Essence in the clay confined.
Concentration of the spirit
In a consecrated mind,
We, ourselves, within that spirit
Consecrated egos find.



GOOD HUMOR

The oil of life, spread o'er a troubled sea,
That, joined to wisdom, makes us mortals free
To lift from out of sinful jest and revel
The common acts of life unto a higher level.

OUR DEMOCRACY

When our president was over
Hooverizing in Paree,
And the sordid ones in clover
Sucked the honey from the bee
There were other fighting furies
Than these few that shine above,—
Faithless judges, faithless juries,
Faithless all because of love.—

Not for love of right and reason,
Nor for love of lasting peace!
But for love of greedy treason,
Love of power, love of ease;
Love of harlot for the miser,
Love of gipsy for the coin,—
These were things the sturdy kaiser
Steadfastly refused to join.

Gentlemen were pulling triggers
At their friends in Mexico,
Fraternizing with the niggers
That are mostly white, you know.
Oh! Democracy is galling
In its horrid make-believe;
Rightly named it is appalling
For its aim is—to deceive.

"Oh, I tremble for my Country!
 For its welfare, hope, and trust,—
 Oh, I tremble when, My Country,
 I reflect that God is just!"
 One of our great statesmen uttered
 When he saw our deeds of shame;
 But our bread is left unbuttered
 If we dare to say the same.

Oh, Democracy, thy freedom
 Is a myth! Thou art no more
 Just and gentle in thy greedom,
 Nor as generous as before.
 What would fit thy purpose better?
 Listen, now! Is it not true?
 We're not free. We feel each fetter
 Most when liberties are few.

MODERN WORSHIP

Do you wonder things are turning
Out the exact way they do
When both you and I are burning
Useless incense as we go?
From our nickelplated worship
True religion holds aloof;
God and Mammon we may worship
Never 'neath the selfsame roof.

Dwarves in character and knowledge,
Dwarves in faith, and dwarves in prayer,
Dwarves in all but fitful knowledge
Of sincerity of prayer,
Buffeted by circumstances
We are prone to worship wrong;
Circumstances favor chances
For immortal temple song.

TOO TIRED TO PRAY!

Too tired to pray? Ah yes, my child!
 The day is long! The tempest wild!
 The stormy ocean's briny deep
 Is hard to travel on, and keep
 Your heart aright,
 Your mind from sin,
 Unless your light
 Shines bright within.

Too tired to pray? Ah yes, He knows
 Who stills the tempest where He goes!
 He from afar is looking on,
 And His the rock you're building on.
 Your heart and mine
 Are His to keep,
 And we must shine
 When others sleep.

Too tired to pray? Ah yes, within
 Are secret places free from sin;
 We do not know the power He owns,
 We only know with what He crowns.
 Go, sin no more
 Is all He asks;
 Walk as before
 In lowly tasks.

DISTILLATION

When I reflect upon the ills
That human flesh is heir to,
And view the wretched human wills
That misery is fair to,

And all the fickle human thrills
That add a glamour thereto,
And all the superficial quills
That distance lends a chair to,

And see the tramping and the drills
That money gives a glare to,
And all the superhuman frills
That all this adds a hair to,

And see the pile of unpaid bills
That doctors give a care to,
And all the wicked hidden stills
That misery pays the fair to,

I see the smoldering, smoky hills
That all this makes a stair to,
And know the unforgotten thills
That Death's pale horse may swear to

Is not the only thing that kills,
And killing us may dare to
Upbraid the thing with which it fills,
And never give a scare to.

Then I can feel the awful chills
That God's fair world is bare to;—
I know that all these unpaid bills
We mortals must give care to.



VENTILATION

Living and loving, reaping and sowing,
Giving and loving, leaping and glowing,
Sowing and gleaning, growing and gleaming,
Grasping at all things that add to Life's meaning,
Sweeping God's earth with a tender regard,
That is the gift of the God-given bard.

Temple of God has a lowly foundation,
Mustering every hand of the nation;
Mustering sickle and reaper and ration
For its impregnable, pure ventilation.

Temple of God, may Thy sickles be keen!
Temple of God, may Thy beauty be seen.

MORNING HYMN

God of love, of life, of light;
God of knowledge, sense and sight;
Grant Thy blessing here we pray!
Guide and keep us all today.

Let Thy Spirit hover near,
Hover o'er us, Saviour Dear.
As we walk in wisdom's ways
Guide and keep us all our days. AMEN.

JE N'OUBLIÉ

I must be strenuous in my care,—
The boardwalk has its trick.
On either side sits black Despair
Wielding a waiting stick.

I must not falter, must not swerve
In spite of lurking brine!
Full well I know that I must serve
A higher will than mine.

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